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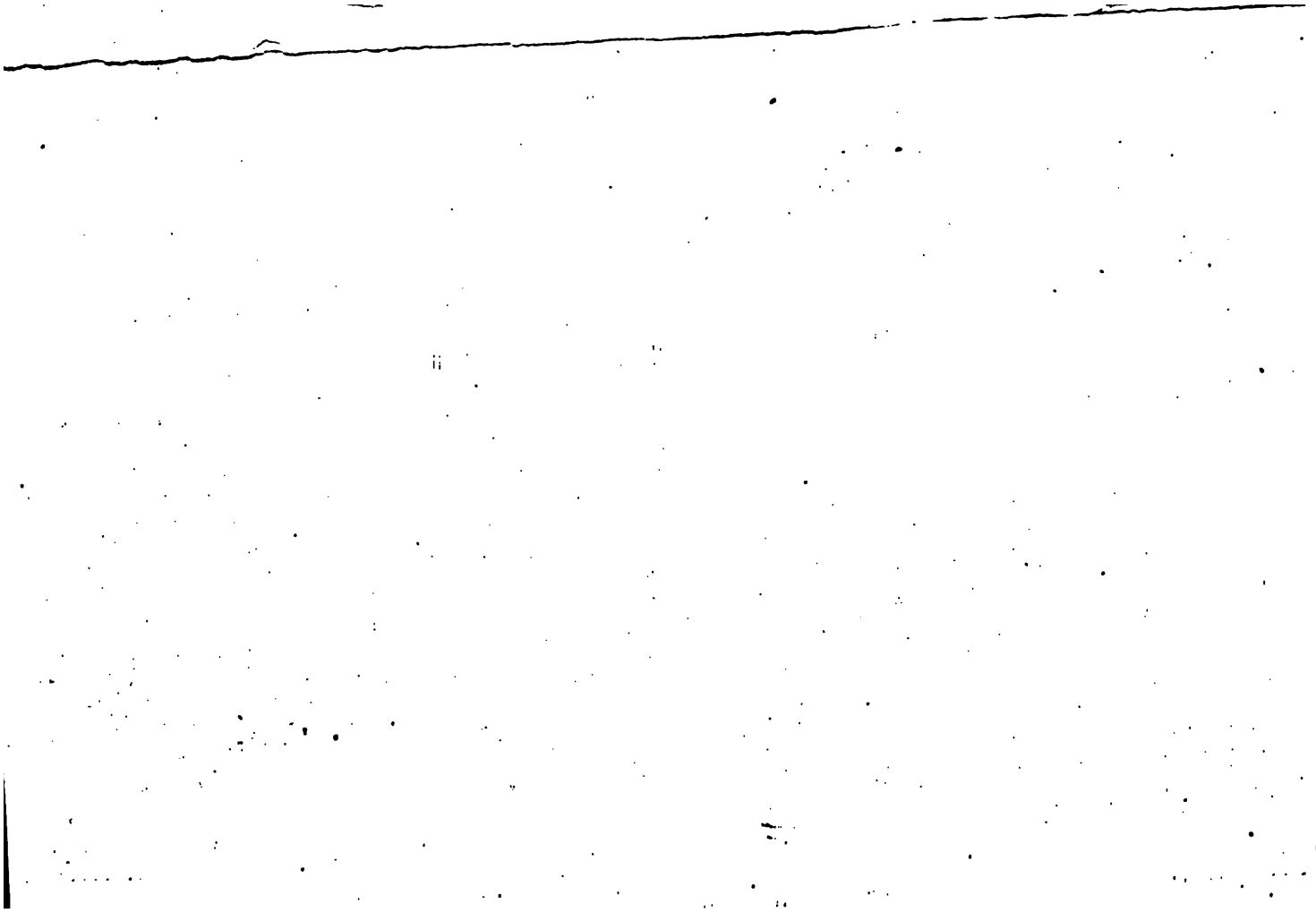

In Memory.

Mrs. Emily ANGELINA GRIMKÉ WELD.

By Theodore Dwight Weld.

BORN IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,

FEBRUARY 20, 1805.

DIED IN HYDE PARK, MASSACHUSETTS,

OCTOBER 26, 1879.

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TO THE OLD ABOLITIONISTS.

Brothers and sisters! One by one, how fast we drop! How thin and tottering our ranks to-day! How far sundered the survivors now,— in the East, in the West, and in all between. But, to the love that made and keeps us one, distance and time are nullities. To all who may linger here till these words reach them,— should they ever,— to every brother and sister in those sacred bonds, we say, These slight memorials of two gone before to light up the way, and await our coming, were sketched for you, and to each of you are tenderly dedicated, in that old-time love.

Hail and farewell!

T. D. W.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

THE funeral services of Angelina Grimké Weld were held at the family residence on Fairmount Avenue in Hyde Park, Mass., at one o'clock on Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1879.

They opened with that touching chant, the pathos of resignation, "Thy will be done." The Rev. Doctor Morison, of Boston, followed with a prayer, so reverent and tender that it seemed to hallow the hour. He then spoke with deep appreciation of the character of the deceased, her example, life, and special work, closing with Scripture selections. The substance of his address will be found entire in the pages which follow.

The next speaker was Elizur Wright, the first corresponding secretary and editor of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Before him were gathered many veteran co-workers in the anti-slavery cause and conflict. As he rose, memories of mutual struggles, perils, and triumphs so thronged upon him that for a moment he stood silent, emotion stifling speech. His words, given in these pages, are their own loving attestation.

The Rev. Robert F. Wallcutt followed. For thirty years he was the publisher of the *Liberator*, and the beloved fellow-worker of William Lloyd Garrison, in the Boston *Anti-Slavery* office. Unbowed by the weight of eighty-three

years, he rose and vividly recalled his impressions of Angelina Grimké, as she swayed the crowds in the Representatives' Hall of the State House in Boston, by her anti-slavery plea before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature. He described also the scene when she spoke in the old Boston Theatre, its great four-galleried auditorium crowded during six evenings with throngs absorbed and silent.

As Mr. Wallcutt ended, Mrs. Lucy Stone, delayed till then by an accident on the way, arrived, and was passed through the crowd to a seat beside the coffin. Looking down upon those closed eyes, tears filled her own as she rose to speak. Her special topic was that great first work done for woman by Angelina and Sarah Grimké and Abby Kelley, — their self-sacrifice in those earliest days of struggle which wrung their souls, and pressed to their unshrinking lips that cup of trembling. She devoutly thanked God that he had sent in advance his chosen pioneers, to break a pathway for those waiting feet eager to follow. As her voice ceased, its pathos lingered in the silence. After a brief pause, the spell of that silence was interpreted by Wendell Phillips. Who in New England, with an ear to hear, has not caught in those tones the keynote of the spirit whose pulses play through them? His entire address is given in the following pages. At its close, the hymn of Bonar, beginning with "Oh for the peace which floweth like a river!" was read and sung. Then followed a fervent prayer by Dr. Morison, that strength and healing might be ministered to the bereaved household in this hour of their deepest need. Next came the fitting close, in the reading and singing of "Nearer, my God, to thee." Silently, at a signal, the crowd now moved in order around the coffin, each pausing a moment over the serene presence, lying as in peaceful sleep. At length

the last look was taken, the coffin-lid closed softly over the placid face, the cherished form lifted to the bier, borne to Mount Hope, and tenderly lowered to its final rest, to moulder back, dust to dust, and mingle with the ashes of her precious "sister-mother," in that dreamless realm of silence. There, grouped around the open grave, beside the "Evergreen Path," uncovered heads bowed low, while broken words pressed their way through tears, and the last stanzas of "Montgomery's Grave" fell faltering from trembling lips.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while their mouldering bodies sleep
Low in the ground,

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

The hour, the fading day, the cloudless sky, the air asleep, no leaf astir, the lingering autumn tints, the west aglow with the sinking sun,—all nature's aspects blent in beauty shed upon the closing scene their tranquil power. As the final lines were uttered, the sun's last rays streamed over the grave, folding lovingly around it their golden winding-sheet, and crowning it with a halo of living light,—symbol of life immortal in eternal day!

The funeral services throughout wore no air of gloom. That sombre crape shrouded no one with its dismal tokens.

The light of a glorious autumn day streamed in through uncurtained windows. It was not a house of mourning,—no sad word said, no look of sorrow worn. The tears that freely fell were not of grief, but tears of yearning love, of sympathy, of solemn joy and gratitude to God for such a life in its rounded completeness, such an example and testimony, such fidelity to conscience, such recoil from all self-seeking, such unswerving devotion to duty, come what might of peril or loss, even unto death.

Who that loved her did not feel that, however keen the sense of personal loss, it was all swallowed up in her blessed deliverance and unspeakable gain? In the last few months, how that bowed form, those encumbered movements, lagging step, tottering gait, speech faltering and broken, all fortokened that life's ripened corn was awaiting its garner! Well might her face brighten as it did, while from day to day she lay and listened for the welcome foot-fall of the kindly reaper coming to gather the harvest home.

This outline of the funeral services indicates the order in which the tributes of the speakers will be given. Dr. Morison, who conducted the exercises, published in the *Unitarian Review* for December, 1879, of which he was the editor, the substance of his address at the funeral, with added details fittingly expounded. We present them herewith in the form in which the editor introduced them to the readers of the *Review*.

Hopkins

REMARKS OF JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

(From the Unitarian Review.)

RECENTLY, at a funeral in Hyde Park, more people than the large house could hold came together, to show how much they honored and reverenced the character and memory of one who had lived there as if she were the lowliest among the lowly. Her family had been second to no other in the proudest aristocracy of the proudest State in the Union. She was born in one of the chief strongholds of slavery, with all the social, pecuniary, and political privileges which slavery at the highest point of its ascendency could bestow. But, from her childhood, she saw the cruel injustice involved in it. Her clear eye and true heart were never deceived by the false lights and blandishments which were thrown around her. In early youth, with all the charm that beauty, intelligence, and family distinction could give, she left everything behind, and gave herself entirely to the cause of the slave. In referring to the testimony of her sister respecting the evils of slavery, she said: "Of the particular acts which she has stated, I have no personal knowledge, as they occurred before my remembrance; but of the spirit that prompted them, and that constantly displays itself in scenes of similar horror, the recollections of my childhood, and the effaceless imprint upon my riper years, with the breaking of my heartstrings, when, finding that I was powerless to shield the victims, I tore myself from my home and friends, and became an exile among strangers,—all these throng around me as witnesses, and their testimony is graven on my memory with a pen of fire. Why I did not become totally

hardened under the daily operation of this system, God only knows. Even before my heart was touched with the love of Christ, I used to say, 'Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!' for I felt that there could be no rest for me in the midst of such outrages and pollutions."

Angelina Grimké, the youngest daughter of Judge Grimké, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, was born in Charleston, S.C., Feb. 20, 1805, and died in Hyde Park, Oct. 26, 1879. From her earliest years, her sympathies were with the cruelly treated race around her, and she was unspeakably shocked by the terrible punishments inflicted upon them. When a child, she had her little bottle of oil, and other simple medicaments, with which in the darkness she would steal out of the house to some wretched creature who had been terribly whipped, and do what she could to assuage his sufferings. At the age of fourteen, she was asked by the rector of the Episcopal Church to which her family belonged to be confirmed,—a form, she was told, which all her companions went through as a matter of course. But she insisted on knowing what was the meaning of this form, and, on reading what it was in the Prayer Book, she said that she could not promise what was there required. "But it is only a form," she was told. "If with my feelings and views as they now are, I should go through that form, it would be a lie. I cannot do it." This single-hearted truthfulness, without regard to personal consequences to herself, was the key to all her conduct.

Some years afterwards, under the influence of a very eloquent Presbyterian preacher, her religious sensibilities were awakened. Her eyes were opened to a new world. She was born into a higher realm of thought and life. Through deeper and more vital spiritual experiences, she entered into a new life, which took entire possession of all her faculties. So rapt was she, and controlled by these new emotions, so permeated by them was her whole being, and so did she speak and act as one moved by other than earthly influences, that her friends, even those who did not sympathize with her, looked up to her with awe. She joined the

Presbyterian Church, and carried into it the fervor and strength of her now regenerated nature. She became a teacher in its Sunday-school. The day before she died, after a lapse of fifty years, there came for her a letter from one of her first Sunday-school scholars, living now in Georgia, to express thanks for the unspeakable benefits which her instructions had been to her during her whole life. Soon she endeavored to impress upon the officers of the church a sense of what they should do for the slaves. Her pleadings for them found no response. The church had no heart for such things.

"Could it then be a Church of Christ?" There was in Charleston at that time a Friends' Meeting-house, where there were only two worshippers, and they agreed with her in regard to slavery. For a year she worshipped there in silence. No word was spoken. The two aged men, and this young, accomplished, attractive woman, sat there under a canopy of divine silence, not unsanctified or unblessed to her. At length, she felt that her mission there was ended. Her elder sister, Sarah, had united with the Friends in Philadelphia; and she joined her in 1830, giving up in agony of heart all the dear ties that bound her to her home. But in her new religious home, even in the Friends' Meeting-house, her eye was quick to see negro seats where women of the despised race were still publicly humiliated. She and her sister seated themselves with them. The Friends were grieved by their conduct, and called them to account. The sisters replied: "While you put this badge of degradation on our sisters, we feel that it is our duty to share it with them."

In 1833, they attached themselves to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and lent their powerful aid to the work which it was doing. There was no more effective or eloquent worker in the cause than Angelina Grimké.

She had not thought at first of speaking in public; but wherever she was, among friends and neighbors, she sought relief to her burdened spirit by testifying to the cruel and fatal influences of slavery. A few women at first came together to meet her and

her sister Sarah. The numbers and the interest increased till she became widely known. In November, 1836, she was invited by the Executive Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society to visit New York and hold private meetings with Christian women. She and her sister talked to them about slavery in their own parlors. Soon no parlors could hold the throngs that gathered to hear her. The small vestry of a church was given to her, then a large vestry. But this was too small, and the body of the church was opened to the crowd which had been attracted by her. There, on a platform beneath the pulpit, for the first time she stood and spoke at what might be called a public meeting, though she spoke only to women. In the spring of 1837, the sisters went through a similar experience in Boston, speaking to women only. She went to Lynn to address the women, and there men crowded in with their wives and daughters. That was the beginning of women's speaking to promiscuous assemblies in Massachusetts. She spoke with extraordinary power to crowded audiences in the Odeon, then the largest hall of the kind in Boston. She went from place to place, in city or country, for fifteen months, speaking publicly or privately as the occasion required.

Veterans in the anti-slavery cause, at her funeral, with stifling emotion spoke of what she did and was in those troubled and tumultuous times, when the adversaries of freedom seemed to be most entirely in the ascendant. They told how the great qualities of her life and character showed themselves in the terrible conflict with evil. Wendell Phillips spoke of her as bringing to the anti-slavery cause a greater help than any other person. He dwelt, with touching force and beauty, on her power over great public assemblies. "She swept all the chords," he said. And yet it had seemed to him that her eloquence was "that of a broken heart." As an illustration of this, he read the following passage from a letter in which she gave her testimony against slavery: "I give it," she said, "with a heavy heart. My flesh crieth out, 'If it be possible, let *this* cup pass from me'; but, 'Father, thy will be done,' is, I trust, the breathing of my spirit.

Oh, the slain of the daughters of my people! They lie in all the ways; their tears fall as the rain, and are their meat day and night; their blood runneth down like water; their plundered hearths are desolate; they weep for their husbands and children, because they are not; and the proud waves do continually go over them, while no eye pitieth, and no man careth for their souls."

The eloquence of a broken heart! Yes, as she gave way to "the deep yearnings of affection for the mother that bore her, still a slave-holder, both in fact and in heart; for her brothers and sisters, a large family circle," and for all who had been most closely bound to her by ties of kindred and neighborhood, she must have felt the desolation of a soul disappointed and broken in its dearest earthly hopes and love. All the sweet and tender affections which intertwine themselves so inseparably with the thought of home had been turned into instruments of torture. As she thought of her native city, and spoke out her feelings towards it, her language might well remind one of the lamentations of the ancient prophets, or even of the words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee!" But this broken heart had a higher life and a mightier voice than can be given or taken away by any earthly affection. Her prophetic soul lived in a diviner realm, and in allying itself with the love and the righteousness of God felt itself reënforced by his almightiness. While therefore she often spoke from a broken heart, with a pathos which melted and subdued those who listened to her, she also rose into a loftier strain, and spoke with the mingled love and sternness of a messenger from God.

Passages like the following may give some idea of the solemnity and power with which this high-bred, beautiful Southern lady, who had left all and taken up her cross in defence of a poor and friendless race, could appeal to assembled multitudes:—

The sufferings of the slaves are not only innumerable, but they are indescribable. I may paint the agony of kindred torn from each other's

arms, to meet no more in time; I may depict the inflictions of the blood-stained lash; but I cannot describe the daily, hourly, ceaseless torture, endured by the heart that is constantly trampled under the foot of arbitrary power. This is a part of the horrors of slavery which, I believe, no one has ever attempted to delineate. I wonder not at it; it mocks all power of language. Who can describe the anguish of that mind which feels itself impaled upon the iron of arbitrary power — its living, writhing, helpless victim! every human susceptibility tortured, its sympathies torn, and stung, and bleeding — always feeling the death weapon in its heart, and yet not so deep as to kill that humanity which is made the curse of its existence?

No one who has not been an integral part of a slave-holding community can have any idea of its abominations. It is a whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Blessed be God, the angel of truth has descended, and rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, and sits upon it. The abominations so long hidden are now brought forth before all Israel and the sun. Yes, the angel of truth sits upon this stone, and it can never be rolled back again.

There is a spirit abroad in this country which will not consent to barter principle for an unholy peace,— a spirit which will not hide God's eternal principles of right and wrong, but will stand erect in the storm of human passion, prejudice, and interest, holding forth the light of truth in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; a spirit which will never slumber nor sleep till man ceases to hold dominion over his fellow-creatures, and the trump of universal liberty rings in every forest, and is reëchoed by every mountain and rock.

She who spoke in tones like these never lost any one of her purely feminine qualities. Graceful, gentle, retiring, taking upon herself the lowliest duties as if she had been born to them,— this woman, who stood up that her light might shine on all, and reveal to them the terrible atrocities of slavery, was like Jeremy Taylor's taper, which cast ever a modest shadow round itself. She had a very lofty idea of what a woman should be. "Whatever it is morally right for a man to do, it is morally right for a woman to do. I recognize no rights but human rights. I know nothing of men's rights and women's rights; for in Christ Jesus there is

neither male nor female." "Sure I am that woman is not to be, as she has been, a mere 'second-hand agent' in the regeneration of a fallen world, but the acknowledged equal and co-worker with man in this glorious work. . . . Just in proportion as her moral and intellectual capacities become enlarged, she will rise higher and higher in the scroll of creation, until she reaches that elevation prepared for her by her Maker, and upon whose summit she was originally stationed, only 'a little lower than the angels.'"

This lowly, lofty, single-hearted woman did a great work as an anti-slavery lecturer. But in the midst of it, when she seemed to be at the height of her activity and usefulness, she was suddenly disabled physically for public speaking. It must have been a terrible disappointment. She uttered no complaint, but bowed silently and submissively to the hand which laid itself so heavily upon her. A little before this, in 1838, she had been married to Theodore D. Weld, a man worthy of such a wife. They were drawn together by the sympathies of kindred natures. He had been among the most eloquent and effective advocates of the anti-slavery movement. His voice, too, had been silenced by physical disability, brought on by long-continued and excessive exertion. Together they gave up their foremost place upon the platform, and opened a school, for many years giving to its secluded and unexciting duties the same thoughtful and conscientious care that they had given to their more public calling.

Here she found the fulfilment of words which she had written when she was most actively before the public. "I believe," she said then, "that as soon as the rights of women are understood, our brethren will see and feel that it is their duty to coöperate with us in this high and holy vocation of training up little children in the way they should go. And the very fact of their mingling in intercourse with such guileless and gentle spirits will tend to soften down the asperities of their characters, and clothe them with the noblest and sublimest Christian virtues. I know that this work is deemed beneath the dignity of man; but how great the error! I once heard a man, who had labored

extensively among children, say, 'I never feel so near heaven as when I am teaching these little ones.' He was right. And I trust the time is coming when the occupation of an instructor to children will be deemed the most honorable of human employments." To her and her husband it was so, because they carried into it a spirit and were themselves endowed with gifts and attainments, which enabled them to fulfil its great and sacred duties.

In 1864, Mr. and Mrs. Weld removed to Hyde Park, where she and her sister, Sarah Grimké, spent the rest of their days. No one who met her there would, from anything that he saw in her, have any suspicion of the great work which she had done: she was interested in her household duties, in the little charities of the neighborhood. Once, during the war, she was persuaded to go out of her daily routine, and to attend a small meeting called for the purpose of assisting the Southern people,—freedmen, and those who had formerly held them in slavery. Very simply and modestly, but very clearly and impressively, she spoke of the condition of things at the South, of her friends there, and how we could best help them,—all in the most loving and tender spirit, as if she had only grateful memories of what they had been, and as if no thought of herself mixed itself up with the thought of them. The simplicity, directness, and practical good sense of her speech then, its kindliness towards those who had done her the greatest wrong, and the entire absence of self-consciousness made those who heard her feel that a woman might speak in public without violating any of the proprieties or prejudices of social traditions and customs. There was a refinement and dignity about her, an atmosphere of gentleness and sweetness and strength, which won their way to the heart. To those who knew her history, there was something very affecting, sublime, in her absolute self-forgetfulness. As one who knew her most intimately said, "She seems to have been born in that mood of mind which made vanity or display impossible. She was the only person I have ever known who was absolutely free from all ambition."

She had gone through many and various experiences. She had a delicate and sensitive physical organization, which helped her to enter into the feelings of others, and to make their trials and sufferings her own. After the illness which obliged her to give up public speaking, she could not even listen to a story of wrongs inflicted on others without being made sick by it. What it must have cost her, with such an organization and with the most loving affections, to leave her father's house and take up her testimony against practices and habits cherished there, no one can tell. Her susceptibility to suffering was in proportion to the sensitiveness of her whole nature. She bore in her own person the sorrows and infirmities of those in whom she was most interested. But she had also her reward. If she wept with those who wept, and felt in herself the sharpness of their pains, she experienced also in her own heart the sanctifying and uplifting power of suffering so endured. She rose constantly into a diviner peace and joy. With all the fullness and keenness of her sympathy with those around her, she seemed like one who lived apart, in a calmer, holier sphere. Her life was one of progress,—inward, till she had reached the inmost germ; and then outward, till she had caused that secret germ to unfold itself in words or acts of singular beauty and power. In one religious denomination after another, she was quickened by the best it had to give, and never lost what she had once gained. The reverential decorum of the church in which she was born, the higher life into which she entered under the preaching of a Presbyterian minister, the sense of God's immediate presence in the soul which must have grown within her during that year of silent worship with the Friends, made a part of her inmost being, and led her farther and farther into the Holy of Holies.

As she entered more deeply into the mind of Jesus, and, through the deepening sympathies of her own nature, came to "know his love more fully," she found there what she had longed for, and what none of these communions had given. She saw in him how the love of God may fill out our human affections, and endow

them with its own divine efficiency and calmness. The incarnation of the divine was thus brought home to her as the central life of all that is best within us, changing us into the same image. Thus, as she felt, all our faculties, our deepest affections, and the actions proceeding from them, are made divine by the indwelling spirit which endows them with its own life, and prompts and guides and strengthens them in their labors to make the world better.

There was no fickleness or contradiction in her apparent change from one organization to another. Through these outward changes she was always seeking and finding, and thus always approaching nearer to the heart of all true religion. She rested at last in the simple religion of Jesus as she found it in the Gospels, and during her later years worshipped in a Unitarian church, as, more than any other, accepting Jesus and the Gospels, and leaving them free to speak for themselves. Through the various churches, she had come to Jesus himself. In like manner, through different philanthropical organizations, she had found her way to that which is the inspiration and the life of them all. There she was at rest. Knowing what capabilities and susceptibilities there were within her, we who sometimes saw her in these later years could not but wonder and admire. "Great peace have they that love thy law." In that divine peace, she lived. In the darkest hours of that fearful conflict with slavery in which she was engaged, when its advocates were everywhere met with violence, and threatened with death, she wrote to William Lloyd Garrison, as follows: —

I can hardly express to thee the deep and solemn interest with which I have viewed the violent proceedings of the last few weeks. Although I expected opposition, yet I was not prepared for it so soon,—it took me by surprise, and I greatly feared the abolitionists would be driven back in the first onset and thrown into confusion. So fearful was I that I was afraid of even opening one of thy papers lest I should see some indications of a compromise, some surrender, some palliation. Under these feelings I was induced to read thy appeal to the citizens of Boston.

Judge, then, what were my feelings on finding that my fears were utterly groundless, and that thou stoodest firm in the midst of the storm, determined to suffer and to die rather than yield one inch!

Religious persecution always begins with mobs; it is always unprecedented in any age or country in which it commences, and therefore there are no laws by which reformers can be punished; consequently, a lawless band of unprincipled men determine to take the matter into their hands, and act out in mobs what they know are the principles of a large majority of those who are too high in church and State to condescend to mingle with them, though they secretly approve and rejoice over their violent measures. The first martyr who ever died was stoned by a lawless mob; and, if we look at the rise of various sects,— Methodists, Friends, etc.,— we shall find that mobs began the persecution against them; and it was not until after the people had thus spoken out their wishes that laws were framed to fine, imprison, or destroy them. Let us, then, be prepared for the enactment of laws, even in our free States, against abolitionists. And how ardently has the prayer been breathed that God would prepare us for all he is preparing for us!

My mind has been especially turned toward those who are standing in the forefront of the battle; and the prayer has gone up for their preservation,— not the preservation of their lives, but the preservation of their minds in humility and patience, faith, hope, and charity,— that charity which is the bond of perfectness. If persecution is the means which God has ordained for the accomplishment of this great end,— emancipation,— then, in dependence upon him for strength to bear it, I feel as if I could say, let it come; for it is my deep, solemn, conviction, that this is a cause worth dying for. At one time, I thought this system would be overthrown in blood, with the confused noise of the warrior; but a hope gleams across my mind that our blood will be spilt instead of the slaveholders'; that our lives will be taken, and theirs spared. I say a hope; for of all things I desire to be spared the anguish of seeing our beloved country desolated with the horrors of a servile war.

These words were written by one who was standing not apart in a place of safety, but in the foremost post of danger, and who knew that she was as likely as anyone to share in the martyrdom which she foresaw. The spirit which dictated these sentences went through her whole life as its ruling influence. No one

among "the noble army of the martyrs" ever lived "more ready to be offered." This was the easy, every-day attitude of her mind. But she was not thinking about it. She entered so entirely into her Master's spirit, that his yoke was easy to her, and his burden light. Her elevation of soul was such that she had become unconscious of any humiliation or self-sacrifice amid the humblest cares and duties. We might, perhaps, find her mending a stocking, as if that had been her business in life. No word of hers related to herself. Her voice was gentle. There was a refined courtesy about her — in her look and manner. Her bearing was that of a quiet, retiring, self-forgetting spirit; and yet somehow she impressed us, as very few have ever done, with a sense of moral and spiritual greatness. "A grand woman" — grand in the highest sense of the word — we have often heard her called. And yet she was the lowliest among the lowly. "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your servant." The servant's place she meekly accepted, but with no thought of the greatness attendant upon it.

So she lived; and over one who so lives, death can have no power except to set her free from these earthly limitations, and thus consecrate and enlarge her influence. Standing by the silent form from which so much virtue had gone out, we felt that it yielded up the dear life once enclosed within it, only that it might be diffused more widely and with new efficiency and sweetness, as, when the alabaster box was broken, "the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."

REMARKS OF ELIZUR WRIGHT.

We are here in the presence of what makes us "kin to all that is," to everything that has life. Doubtless life is eternal. But whenever there comes forth into this breathing world an individual existence of whatever order, tribe, species, or race, sooner or

later it goes back, ceases to breathe, dies. Even the tallest cedar of Lebanon, which from generation to generation has looked down upon the plain, and been blessed as a landmark and a shade by the weary traveller, must at last grow gray, crumble, moulder, and mix with the earth. It must die. Indeed, what would life be without death? Where the freshness and joyousness of youth? Where the sweet and tender affections that knit together the old and the young in families and neighborhoods? It was not death that she who sleeps so peacefully now ever dreaded, but only the dishonoring, spoiling, and poisoning of life.

There is the courage of the mariner who buffets the angry waves. There is the courage of the warrior who marches up to the cannon's mouth, coolly pressing forward amidst engines of destruction on every side. But hers was a courage greater than theirs. She not only faced death at the hands of stealthy assassins and howling mobs, in her loyalty to truth, duty, and humanity, but she encountered unflinchingly the awful frowns of the mighty consecrated leaders of society, the scoffs and sneers of the multitude, the outstretched finger of scorn, and the whispered mockery of pity, standing up for the lowest of the low. Nurtured in the very bosom of slavery, by her own observation and thought, of one thing she became certain,—that it was a false, cruel, accursed relation between human beings. And to this conviction, from the very budding of her womanhood, she was true. Not the fear of poverty, obloquy, or death could induce her to smother it. Neither wealth, nor fame, nor tyrant fashion, nor all that the high position of her birth had to offer, could bribe her tc bate one syllable of her testimony against the seductive system.

Well do I remember when, after the American Anti-Slavery Society, founded in 1833, had battled for a year or two with the combined forces of the mob, the press, and the commercial, political, and ecclesiastical authorities, and it was said in the highest quarters that we had only exasperated the slave-holders, and made all the North sympathize with them,—when the storm

of public indignation, gathering over the whole heavens, was black upon us, and we were comparatively only a handful,—there appeared in the *Anti-Slavery* office in New York this mild, modest, soft-speaking woman, then in the prime of her beauty, delicate as the lily-of-the-valley. She placed in my hands a roll of manuscript, beautifully written. It was her "APPEAL TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF THE SOUTH." It was like a patch of blue sky breaking through that storm cloud.

The manuscript was passed round among the members of our Executive Committee, and read with wet eyes. The Society printed it in a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, and circulated it widely. It made its author a forced exile from her native State, but it touched hearts that had been proof against everything else. I remember that the *Quarterly Anti-Slavery Magazine* for October, 1836, said of it something to this effect:—

> This eloquent pamphlet is from the pen of a sister of the late Thomas S. Grimké, of Charleston, S.C. We need hardly say more of it than that it is written with that peculiar felicity and unction which characterized the works of her lamented brother. Among anti-slavery writings there are two classes,—one specially adapted to make new converts, the other to strengthen the old. We cannot exclude Miss Grimké's Appeal from either class. It belongs pre-eminently to the former. The converts that will be made by it, we have no doubt, will be not only numerous, but thorough-going

We had been so often disappointed as to the effect of the best-written appeals that our prophecy was moderate in its tone. Happily, however, the result more than justified—it exceeded it.

Let us hope that South Carolina will yet count this noble, brave, excellent woman above all her past heroes. She it was, more than all the rest of us put together, who called out what was good and humane in the Christian Church to take the part of the slave, and deliver the proud State of her birth from the monster that had preyed on its vitals for a century. I have no fitting words for a life like hers. With a mind high and deep

and broad enough to grasp the relations of justice and mercy, and a heart warm enough to sympathize with and cherish all that live, what a home she made for my now bereaved brother,—that brother being such as he was after those years of labor and peril! Words cannot paint it. I saw it in that old stone house, surrounded with its beautiful garden, at Belleville, on the banks of the Passaic. I saw it in that busy, bright, and cheery palace of true education at Eagleswood in New Jersey. I have seen it here, in this Mecca of the wise. Well done! Oh, well done! Her whole life has been truly a conquest, a triumph, not only over the fear of death, but over the fell tyranny and prejudice which have always hitherto consigned her sex to a pettiness, nothingness, or absolute thraldom, disgraceful to human nature, and obstructive to the upward progress of human society.

REMARKS OF ROBERT F. WALLCUTT.

Our beloved friend was a mother in our Israel. Many older than she can trace some of the richest elements in their moral growth largely to her. Her great heart inspired her with great truths, which, as she uttered them, took captive those who heard.

Many of us remember with what awakening power such God-inspired souls have roused us from the apathy of our lives. Some great wrong, like slavery, over which the world had slept for ages, becomes thus revealed to the clearer vision. Slavery, war, intemperance, licentiousness, injustice to woman, have thus one after another been brought to the light, as violations of God's eternal laws. The soul of Angelina Grimké, and that of her sister Sarah, were in vital sympathy with all attempts to reform these great wrongs; but the one which then had pre-eminence above all was human slavery.

All of us who are advanced in years can recall with what almost overwhelming effect the appeals of our beloved and

lamented Garrison first came to our minds. The conscience of the community was slumbering over this sin: his utterances stung it to frenzy. In the midst of it, and in heartiest response to his appeals, came the gentle, calm voices of Sarah and Angelina Grimké, enforcing those appeals by facts of their own observation and experience. I have said that their nature was full of tenderness and compassion; but, in addition to this, Angelina, especially, possessed a rare gift of eloquence, a calm power of persuasion, a magnetic influence over those that listened to her, which carried conviction to hearts that nothing before had reached.

I shall never forget the wonderful manifestation of this power during six successive evenings in what was then called the Odeon, — a building, long since removed, at the corner of Franklin and Federal Streets. It was the old Boston Theatre, which had been converted into a music hall,— the four galleries rising above the auditorium all crowded with a silent audience, carried away with the calm, simple eloquence which narrated what she and her sister had seen from their earliest days. And yet this Odeon scene, the audience so quiet and intensely absorbed, occurred at the most enflamed period of the anti-slavery contest. The effective agent in this phenomenon was Angelina's serene, commanding eloquence, a wonderful gift, which enchained attention, disarmed prejudice, and carried her hearers with her.

What a loss to the cause of anti-slavery truth it was when afterwards her health gave way, and her public advocacy was withdrawn! She felt the privation deeply; but we all felt it still more. A powerful agency in arousing the conscience, and moulding anew that public sentiment which was to control the decision of the great question, was struck down: and we were sad.

Though enfeebled, she lost not a jot of her interest in the great work for humanity and right. She went on perseveringly in such other ways as her strength permitted; and her great heart of love, which from childhood so felt for the slave, still went forth, wherever she was, to sympathize with the lowly ones

within her reach. Many such in this community will miss her comforting presence, and that of her sister, in their humble homes, and will long cherish their memories.

And now this beloved friend has gone; and yet she is not gone. Her genial and loving spirit, so tender and sympathetic, is still in our hearts, to help, to elevate, and bless us. This bereaved family feel deeply this consolation; especially our brother here, whose life has long been so completely identified with hers. He feels it as no other can. The thought of her, which to us is indeed a delightful recollection of a dear friend, to him becomes a heart-felt presence, never failing to impart to his loneliness a precious influence. She is still with him; only it is as if for a time she had passed into another room in God's great house, thus veiled from his view, but ever, with more or less distinctness, by day and by night, she will come to him, until at length that veil shall be lifted, and he will again find himself with her in that other room.

REMARKS OF LUCY STONE.

Arriving too late to hear most of what others have said, I yet wish to add my tribute of love for this departed friend. She will always be hallowed in the memory and held in the hearts of those who knew her. But, outside of her home circle, the generation that is alive to-day did not know her. The frail and slender woman who went in and out before her neighbors here carried no sign of the heroine who for the sake of justice had successfully confronted and assaulted the gigantic system of slavery forty-three years before, who encountered and overcame the custom and prejudice and religious teaching which commanded and demanded the silence and subjection of women. To those around her she seemed a quiet, gentle woman, devoted to her home, her husband, and her children. And such she was. But those whose memory goes back to the time of fiery trials, in the

early anti-slavery days, know that the world never held a nobler woman. The slaves' cause was her cause. She had counted the cost, renouncing everything. For their sake, she endured all the persecution which sectarian bigotry and pro-slavery hatred could devise against the first woman who dared to "speak in the church," or anywhere else in public, even for the slaves. It is impossible for those who to-day see and hear women as ministers and lecturers to understand the state of mind and feeling forty-three years ago, when no woman's voice was heard in public, and when the injunction for her to "keep silence" in the church was held to be as sacred as the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

It was at such a time that this sainted woman and her sister Sarah Grimké came with the one great purpose to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," with the cry, "Woe is me if I preach not this gospel." The eloquence which is born of earnestness in a noble purpose gave her anointed lips. That purpose set around her a defence so high and strong that all the shafts and arrows of pro-slavery malignity fell harmless at her feet. She never stopped to think of herself. "Silence!" cried the Pulpit. She spoke right on. "Shame!" said the Press. "You are seeking notoriety," said all the gossips, and "getting out of your sphere." How like forgotten echoes those words come back! Angelina Grimké, if she heard, did not heed. A friend who knew her singleness of purpose, stung by the injustice and meanness of these attacks, prepared a reply. But when Angelina heard of it, she refused to permit its publication, saying, "It is not necessary." Like the moral heroine that she was, she held on the "even tenor of her way," answering nothing.

The women of to-day owe more than they will ever know to the high courage, the rare insight, and fidelity to principle of this woman, by whose suffering easy paths have been made for them.

Neither the justice of her cause, nor its great need, nor the quiet, persuasive eloquence with which she plead the cause of the slave, saved her and her equally noble coadjutors, Sarah M. Grimké and Abby Kelly Foster, from the pitiless scorn of men and women.

But if for once their lips had turned white with fear, or their feet fled before the mob, the banner for the equal rights of women, which now floats plain in sight, would still be furled.

Her example has a bugle-call to all other women. Who can tell how many have been quickened in a great life purpose by the heroism and self-forgetting devotion of her example, whose silent voice we shall never hear, but who, "being dead, yet speaketh"?

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Friends, this life carries us back to the first chapter of that great movement with which her name is associated, — to 1835, '36, '37, '38, when our cities roared with riot, when William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets, when Dresser was mobbed in Nashville, and Mackintosh burned in St. Louis. At that time, the hatred toward abolitionists was so bitter and merciless that the friends of Lovejoy left his grave long time unmarked; and at last ventured to put, with his name, on his tombstone, only this piteous entreaty: *Jam parce sepulto*, "Spare him now in his grave." As Friend Wright has said, we were but a handful, and our words beat against the stony public as powerless as if against the north wind. We got no sympathy from most Northern men: their consciences were seared as with a hot iron. At this time, a young girl came from the proudest State in the slave-holding section. She came to lay on the altar of this despised cause, this seemingly hopeless crusade, both family and friends, the best social position, a high place in the church, genius, and many gifts. No man at this day can know the gratitude we felt for this help from such an unexpected source. After this came James G. Birney from the South, and many able and influential men and women joined us. At last John Brown laid his life, the crowning sacrifice, on the altar of the cause. But no man who remembers 1837 and its lowering clouds will deny

that there was hardly any contribution to the anti-slavery movement greater or more impressive than the crusade of these Grimké sisters from South Carolina through the New England States.

Those who know best the influences which surrounded her in her early home can best appreciate the struggle there must have been before she could break away from that circle, and come to give her testimony on the other side. She was a person of the strongest attachments,— where she loved, she loved intensely,— and her family she carried in her heart of heart, and they idolized her. She had a rare fascination, even for those nearest to her; and her readiness for the hardest sacrifice had awed them to a most admiring respect, while she was yet in extreme youth. Alone her mind had opened, self-moved, led only by the inner light of her own conscience, to truth after truth, and duty after duty; outgrowing the Church, whose hollowness became painful to her, till she found shelter among the Quakers. Soon her zealous, intrepid energy, and eagerness for active assault on the fearful system whose wickedness she had fathomed, made her impatient of their quiet. She came North to the abolitionists. All this was a training and self-sacrifice which had fitted her marvellously well to touch other hearts. Gifted with rare eloquence, she swept the chords of the human heart with a power that has never been surpassed, and rarely equalled.

I well remember, evening after evening, listening to eloquence such as never then had been heard from a woman. Her own hard experience, the long, lonely, intellectual, and moral struggle from which she came out conqueror, had ripened her power, and her wondrous faculty of laying bare her own heart to reach the hearts of others shone forth till she carried us all captive. She was the first woman to whom the halls of the Massachusetts Legislature were opened. My friend, James C. Alvord, was the courageous chairman who broke that door open for the anti-slavery women. It gave Miss Grimké the opportunity to speak to the best culture and character of Massachusetts; and the pro-

found impression then made on a class not often found in our meetings was never wholly lost. It was not only the testimony of one most competent to speak, but it was the profound religious experience of one who had broken out of the charmed circle, and whose intense earnestness melted all opposition. The converts she made needed no after-training. It was when you saw she was opening some secret record of her own experience that the painful silence and breathless interest told the deep effect and lasting impression her words were making on minds that afterwards never rested in their work.

In 1840, '41, this anti-slavery movement was broken in halves by the woman question. The people believed in the silence of women. But, when the Grimkés went through New England, such was the overpowering influence with which they swept the churches that men did not remember this dogma till after they had gone. When they left, and the spell weakened, some woke to the idea that it was wrong for a woman to speak to a public assembly. The wakening of old prejudice to its combat with new convictions was a fearful storm. But she bore it, when it broke at last, with the intrepidity with which she surmounted every obstacle. By the instinctive keenness of her conscience, she only needed to see truth to recognize it, as the flower turns to the sun. God had touched that soul so that it needed no special circumstance, no word of warning or instruction from those about her; for she was ever self-poised.

When I think of her, there comes to me the picture of the spotless dove in the tempest, as she battles with the storm, seeking for some place to rest her foot. She reminds me of innocence personified in Spenser's poem. In her girlhood, alone, heart-led, she comforts the slave in his quarters; mentally struggling with the problems his position wakes her to. Alone, not confused, but seeking something to lean on, she grasps the Church, which proves a broken reed. No whit disheartened, she turns from one sect to another, trying each by the infallible touchstone of that clear, childlike conscience. The two old lonely Quakers in their

innocence rest her foot awhile. But the eager soul must work, not rest in testimony. Coming North, at last, she makes her own religion,—one of sacrifice and toil. Breaking away from, rising above all forms, the dove floats at last in the blue sky where no clouds reach.

In the "Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses against Slavery," we find her letter, "the wail of a broken-hearted child." With rare frankness, in words which it must have cost such a heart as hers exquisite pain to write, after reminding us that it was under her own roof and in the houses of her near kindred that she had seen slavery, she testifies that, worse even than its influence on the black, was its blighting effect on the white man:—

> While I live, and slavery lives, I *must* testify against it. If I should hold my peace, "the stone would cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber would answer it." But though I feel a necessity upon me, and a "woe unto me," if I withhold my testimony, I give it with a heavy heart.
>
> "Father, thy will be done." "For day and night their blood runs down like water. And the broad waves continually go over them, for no eye pities, and no man cares for their souls."

And, thus exiled from her native city, she goes forth with her sister to seek the spot where she can most effectually strike at the institution.

Were I to single out the moral and intellectual trait which most won me, it was her serene indifference to the judgment of those about her. Self-poised, she seemed morally sufficient to herself. Her instincts were all so clear and right she could trust their lesson. But a clear, wide, patient submission to all suggestion and influence preceded opinion, and her public addresses were remarkable for the fulness and clearness of the arguments they urged. She herself felt truths, but patiently argued them to others.

The testimony she gave touching slavery was, as she termed it, "the wail of a broken-hearted child." It was known to a few

that the pictures she drew were of her own fireside. That loving heart! how stern a sense of duty must have wrung it before she was willing to open that record! But with sublime fidelity, with entire self-sacrifice, she gave all she could to the great argument that was to wake a nation to duty.

Listen to the fearful indictment she records against the system. And this was not slavery in its most brutal, repulsive form. It was slavery hid in luxury, when refinement seemed to temper some of its worst elements. But, with keen sense of right, even a child of a dozen years saw through the veil, saw the system in its inherent vileness, saw the real curse of slavery in the hardened heart of the slave-holder.

A few years of active life, extensive and most influential labor, many sheaves and a rich harvest, God's blessing on her service, then illness barring her from the platform. How serenely she took up the cross! So specially endowed; men bowing low so readily to the power and magic of her words,—she could not but have seen the grand possibilities that were opening before her. How peacefully she accepted the bond, and set herself to training others for the work against which her own door was shut! East, West, North, and South come up to give testimony that these later years bore ample fruit. How many souls have cause to thank that enforced silence! I have listened to such testimonies, spoken sometimes in tears, on the shores of the Great Lakes and beyond the Mississippi.

You the dear ones, so warmly loved, over whose comfort and welfare she watched with such tireless care, you know she has not left you. She has not gone away, she has only gone before. She may be with us and see our actions, and perhaps help us. Yes, by these recollections of her noble life, she leads us up higher. My friend Wright spoke of her visits to the slave huts; and in the door of the great hereafter they wait, these grateful souls, to thank her for the kindness done them in South Carolina.

This is no place for tears. Graciously, in loving kindness and tenderly, God broke the shackles and freed her soul. It was not

the dust which surrounded her that we loved. It was not the form which encompassed her that we revere. But it was the soul. We linger a very little while, her old comrades. The hour comes — it is even now at the door — that God will open our eyes to see her as she is: the white-souled child of twelve years old ministering to want and sorrow; the ripe life, full of great influences; the serene old age, example and inspiration whose light will not soon go out. Farewell, for a very little while. God keep us fit to join thee in that broader service on which thou hast entered.

TO THE READER.

THE preceding sketch of the funeral services, with the tributes to the deceased given entire, fills out the original plan of this memorial. Since then the writer has received various suggestions from early abolitionists, whose practical wisdom gives weight to their opinions, that illustrations of her prominent traits drawn from the facts of her life should be added in much greater detail than was possible at the funeral. The substance of these suggestions may be thus expressed in brief: The circumstances of this case are unique. The causes which shaped them, the elements of character revealed, the forces that impelled, the obstacles and perils encountered, the ties of home and kindred sundered for conscience' sake,— *these* are not private property: they belong to humanity, and humanity should have its own. No shrinking of morbid delicacy should be allowed to withhold them. Look at the case as it is. Just as William Lloyd Garrison, half-stripped of clothing by a mob, had been dragged and driven through the streets of Boston, its municipal authorities looking quietly on, then, in our darkest hour, we first heard of Angelina Grimké. Her private letter to Mr. Garrison, written immediately after the mob, and published by him in the *Liberator*,—its calm, strong words of cheer, its lofty courage and heroic devotion, its serene spirit of self-surrender, even unto martyrdom,— thrilled us all. Then her "Appeal to the Christian Women of the South"

was followed by fifteen months of public speaking and writing against slavery. After which, exhausted by overwork, and at last physically disabled, she withdrew from the platform into a retirement wholly shrouded from the public eye.

Her antecedents in Charleston most of the abolitionists know nothing of; and the few that know anything have it only in isolated fragments. Here and there one knows that what she did, sacrificed, and dared in her native city, then slavery's intensest focus, was a marvel of unswerving fidelity to truth, of moral courage, personal sacrifice, and Christian heroism, too precious to be lost. We ask no elaborate biography, but for those illustrations of her character which, wherever known, cannot fail to quicken earnest aspirations after a noble, heroic, self-forgetful life.

Convictions similar to those here expressed had previously half-formed in the writer's mind. But, as strong affinities magnify the traits seen through them, self-distrust withheld him from adding anything to the utterances at the funeral. But further reflection, fortified by the convictions of trusted friends, unswayed by personal bias, has reversed his first decision. Hence the details which follow.

It is perhaps needless to say, what each must see as he reads, that the sketches which follow are in no sense *biographical*, neither a history of the life nor of the character of the deceased, but simply illustrations of those characteristics which stood so far in the foreground that all who saw her long, in near view, could not but see those birth-marks indelible, whose deep traces were imprinted upon every period of her life. In delineating these, the writer has restricted himself to such acts, facts, and passages as serve to illustrate the specific traits named by the different speakers at the funeral.

MEMORIAL SKETCHES.

Dr. Morison said in his remarks at the funeral: "There is something very affecting, sublime, in her absolute self-forgetfulness, which made vanity and display impossible. She seemed absolutely free from all ambition."

Mr. Phillips said, "Were I to single out the moral and intellectual trait which most won me, it would be her serene indifference to the judgment of those about her."

These traits stand out upon her whole life. The truths which she grasped were to her God's voice, so ringing ever in her soul that no clamor of passion could drown it. They buoyed her aloft where no selfish appeal could reach her. Her refusal, at thirteen years old, to bind herself by those vows in the Episcopal order and rite of confirmation, illustrates an elevation above public opinion, a fidelity to conscience, and a moral courage, which had, thus early, crystallized into character. In infancy, she had been baptized in the ancestral church of her family. When told by its rector that the rite of confirmation was an ancient sacred usage, to which all conformed, and that, if she persisted in her refusal to do what all baptized children of the church did at her age, she would forfeit the blessing which the bishop's hands would otherwise confer, she replied: "I cannot do it, sir. Feeling as I do, it would be a falsehood." No persuasion could avail to change her purpose. She felt keenly the mortification and grief of her friends, and the wonder-

ing stare and averted faces of her mates. Those she could bear; but she could not lie.

She learned afterward from her family that the rector pronounced it an ominous symptom in one so young, which he feared might ripen into insanity.

She continued to attend regularly the Episcopal Church four or five years longer. Then the Rev. Dr. Waddel, of Georgia, came to preach in Charleston. The fame of his eloquence, added to the subject of his sermons, "Practical Religion," drew her to hear him. As she listened, a new light dawned. Then first she saw that outward forms are no part of Christ's religion, which she saw to be an inward life,—the love of all being, the wishing and willing of good to all, the law of love, the golden rule, impartial and universal, to be wrought out in loving acts. She saw that external form is the mere shell, which but rings the louder when the kernel is gone. Filled with this conviction, a new necessity was upon her, and act it out she must. The truth she saw, she must live. The only light she had she must walk by. Her soul-hunger had tasted the kernel, and could be mocked with the husk no longer. So, thenceforward, she attended the preaching of Drs. Waddel and McDowell, of the Presbyterian Church. There she had found a vital truth, unseen till then, except as a faint glimmer, and that not as a thing of personal concernment.

"Surely," she thought, "those who proclaim it cannot fail to live it. In such a church, I can find a home." So, asking no counsel of man, thither she went. After interviews with the minister and the session of the church, she was cordially welcomed to its membership, took at once a class of young ladies in its Sunday-school, and threw into the work her whole soul.

As from Sunday to Sunday she taught her pupils, and pondered the means of culture lavished upon them, in place of the fines and imprisonment denounced by the laws against all who should teach the slaves even the alphabet, the contrast smote her with horror. Upon exploring further, she found that no law forbade their verbal *moral* instruction. So, going to her mother, she asked if she

might have their slaves come into the house every morning, and hear her read the words of Christ and talk about them. Her mother replied with much feeling, "You may, my child, and I will come and sit with you." The slaves hailed with joy the good news. At the hour, her mother and sisters came and sat by her. Eagerly, at the glad signal, in came the slaves. After reading from the Sermon on the Mount, she spoke to them of the simple truths of the gospel, then kneeled and prayed with them. This morning worship with the slaves she continued daily when at home, while she remained in Charleston. Their simple words of gratitude for her sympathy and love were constant and full of heart.

We now take up where we left it her experience in the Presbyterian Church. Soon we find her discussing slavery with her minister, the Rev. Dr. McDowell. He listened, said that slavery was *in itself* a great evil, that the *system* was wrong, but to uproot it would deluge the city with evils vastly greater. All we could do was to pray and wait. She suggested, "pray and *work*," and urged him to preach about it, at least to speak of it as he had just spoken to her. After frequent talks, they began a correspondence. Several letters passed, but with no result that promised action. She then went to the elders of the church, all slave-holders. They listened with courtesy, told her that, young as she was (then but eighteen), it was not strange that she should feel thus, but that riper years and wider experience would surely set her right. She then turned to the private members. One mistress of slaves said, "Slavery has embittered my whole life." Another, "It is the greatest of curses to *us*, but I see no possible escape." Another said, "I sympathize with you, but cannot see a ray of hope." After long working and waiting, hopeless at last of action by her church, she felt that it could be her church no longer, and that to continue in it was to partake of its guilt.

Meanwhile, she had received from her sister Sarah in Philadelphia several Quaker books. She studied their "testimonies," was impressed by them all, but hailed with exultation that against slavery, and at once began to cast about for Quakers in Charles-

ton. Two only were found, both old men. She asked, "Are there no others in the city?" "No." "Do you meet for worship?" "Yes: there is a little meeting-house in the suburbs where we go Sabbath mornings." "Can I meet with you?" "Yes, if thee feels moved to come." What should she do? She had hoped to find a home for her spirit in the Presbyterian Church, but had found instead that it scouted the spirit of Christ, while clinging to his name. Her mind was made up with a heavy heart; but, nothing doubting, she went to her minister, telling him that the same sense of duty which constrained her to join the church compelled her now to leave it. What should she do next? Where go? Should she leave her mother, sisters, and brothers,—she was the youngest of fourteen children,—and join her sister Sarah in Philadelphia, who had long been urging her to come? She yearned to act against slavery *where it was*, where her whole life had been spent in the midst of it,—to act directly upon it by example, testimony, and personal effort. In the Presbyterian Church, her hunger had at first found food, but soon found in it a deadly poison. She saw all the churches in the same condemnation. She looked and prayed for light, but darkness was everywhere; and she in it *alone*. No! one ray of light had come to her: she had found two Quakers! Both were heartily outspoken in their condemnation of slavery. Should she join them in their testimony, put on the Quaker garb, go to the Quaker meeting, adopt the plain language? Each of these would be a stringent anti-slavery document, as also the fact that she had left the Presbyterian Church *because* of its pro-slavery idolatry; and, if she were to stay in Charleston, should join the Quaker society *because*, without compromise, it was a public protest against the system. Besides, in staying, she might, by sympathy and loving services, "remember those in bonds as bound with them" more effectually than would be possible, if seven hundred miles away. She might also, by conversation and correspondence with her slave-holding kindred and acquaintances, stir in some of them latent thought, heart, and conscience into action. At last doubt vanished. She

would stay, watch, and work longer still. So the next Sunday, when the family carriage rolled away to St. Philip's Church, she, clad in the Quaker garb, severely plain, of one color, and wearing the small, close-fitting cap and bonnet, and muslin kerchief crossed in front, took her solitary way to the outskirts, entered the little, dingy meeting-house, and sat in silence with the two aged men during their usual two hours of worship. At the close, each venerable Friend came kindly, took her hand, greeted her with encouraging words, and said farewell. These tender greetings every Sunday were the only words which broke the silence of those meetings during the entire year.

That year ended as it began. She had done what she could. *What* had she done? Just this. She had convinced herself that it was impossible for one in the midst of slavery to act effectually against it. The problem was solved. To live among its horrors; to see it year by year wax stronger and more horrible, and yet to be helpless to mitigate its horrors; to know that deliverance must be forever hopeless, except from without,— would be to her a living death. Should she stay there, thus dying by piecemeal? How gladly would she do it, if that would help to bring rescue! But now, clear as noon, she saw it, that, if she could do anything anywhere, it must be elsewhere than in the slave States. But what *could* she do anywhere? She had no plan, no thought. She stood at the parting of the ways, pondered long, and waited for light. At last it came. Eagerly she seized it. Life *there* was but death misnamed. *Self-exile* was the sole alternative; and, though that she knew was the straining of her heartstrings to breaking, she broke them, and the struggle was over. Then all darkness fled, and daylight streamed.

She knew that wherever she could find free breath to breathe, and liberty to work in getting it for others, there only could be the home of her heart. Longer she could not live in the midst of slavery,— her eye shocked, her ear pained, her heart sick,— go to the free States she must. Of what she could do there, she had no conception. That she could do nothing in Charleston, she had

proved. Affinities irrepressible drew her northward. There she seemed to see hands ever beckoning. Thence, by day and night, she seemed to hear voices crying, "Come hither! leave thy country and thy kindred and thy mother's house, and it shall be shown thee what thou hast to do." Why need she wait longer? She saw the needle of her life point steadily to the pole-star and settle. She followed it, and found in the free North her home and her work. Late in the fall of 1830, a few weeks before the first number of the *Liberator* was issued, she left all, and went never to return. The anguish which this act of self-exile caused her is best told thus in her own words. Years after this, writing to her husband, she said: —

> The recollections of my childhood, and the effaceless imprint upon my riper years, with the breaking of my heartstrings when, finding that I was powerless to shield the victims, I tore myself from my home and friends, and became an exile among strangers, — all these throng around me as witnesses, and their testimony is graven on my memory with a pen of fire.

Her sister Sarah, whom she loved to call her "sister-mother," had already lived several years in Philadelphia. There she joined her, and the "Friends' meeting" to which she belonged.

A year before leaving home, she had heard of Mr. Garrison's imprisonment in Baltimore; and, a few months after that, tidings of his lectures against slavery, in Philadelphia, New York, and New England, came hurtling around her in the Charleston air, and for a time startling the slave-holders. That fact revealed to her the vulnerable point of the system. Impregnable from *within*, it lay open to assault from without. Agitation and discussion in the free States could reach its life.

In 1865, at the end of the war, one of her older sisters came to reside with us at Hyde Park. Though aflame with pro-slavery affinities, regarding abolitionism with horror, and intensified by the loss of all her property in the Rebellion, she yet said to me, with great emphasis, in speaking of the anti-slavery course of her sisters, that, though she looked upon them as the victims of an utter delusion, yet she profoundly honored their unselfish devotion, con-

science, moral courage, and "fidelity to an *idea*." She then referred to that period in Angelina's home-life which the foregoing details describe, and said of it that, though she considered her views and her enthusiasm excited by them as utterly irrational, yet so absolute was her sense of duty and her self-sacrifice, her superiority to public sentiment, and her moral courage, that "she seemed to us at home like one inspired," and "we all looked upon her with a feeling of awe."

Upon her becoming a member of the "Friends' meeting" in Philadelphia, what was her amazement to find that the Religious Society of Friends, whose moral courage in rebuke of slavery had put to shame all other churches,—that *they* had installed the "negro pew" as a permanent fixture in their house of worship! Thenceforward the two sisters made that "negro pew" their permanent seat, thus recording their public protest against that unchristian abomination. This was ever after their invariable rule. Wherever, in city or country, they entered a church having a negro seat (then they *all* had), they found their way to it, and shared with the occupants that spurning thus meted out to them.

A similar public protest against a similar public wrong, the two sisters, in company with forty other women, publicly recorded in Hyde Park, Mass., ten years ago, by going to the polls in a body, at the March meeting, through the fiercest snow-storm of the season, and silently depositing their votes in a box placed at the platform for them by one of the selectmen. They thus emphasized their solemn protest against that political ostracism of woman, perpetrated upon the entire sex by a government proclaiming in its fundamental law that it derives "its just power *from the consent of the governed*," and yet says to every woman, You shall have no voice in the choice of your rulers, no *effective* influence or word in aiding public order and morality, education, temperance, purity, none in all means and measures for the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and, besides this, leaving thus every vital interest of a majority of its citizens to the mercy of a male monopoly, itself a minority; thus assuming that the enactment of

laws for the protection of everything dear to human welfare is an exclusive and inalienable *masculine prerogative.*

In the addresses at the funeral, frequent reference was made to the fact that ill-health compelled her to decline public speaking. From infancy, though sound *vitally,* she had very little muscular strength. Upon growing toward womanhood, she had occasional faintings, with loss of consciousness. These attacks, though lasting but a few minutes, were followed by days of nervous prostration, though never sufficient to keep still her ever-busy hands. These faintings, continuing at intervals during life, were preceded by seasons of mental trial, anxiety, and exhausting cares, from which her later years were never exempt. With these exceptions, and the chronic effects of certain bodily injuries, her health was uniformly good. Indeed, she never had but one "fit of sickness." During the last weeks of 1837, after a spring, summer, and fall of incessant lecturing in Massachusetts, she found herself utterly worn out by this constant speaking, with exhausting rides over country roads, being almost every day the guest of new hosts, besides being subject to great irregularities in diet, in which were included neither flesh nor fish, neither butter nor milk, neither tea nor coffee, nor any sugars, syrups, rice, or other *products of slave labor,* for she would use none of them. Added to these was much loss of sleep, by sitting up late after lecturing to talk with new-formed anti-slavery friends. Besides, more exhausting than all, she had for many weeks of her lecturing set apart the late hours of night for writing a series of letters to Miss Catharine E. Beecher, in reply to her book, "Miss Beecher on the Slave Question," which she had addressed to "Angelina E. Grimké." These letters, thrown from her pen as she went from place to place, were published weekly in the *Liberator,* and afterward in a book of one hundred and thirty pages, published by Isaac Knapp, of Boston. These labors, continued for nine months, with no vacation, quite broke her down. Her dear friends, Samuel and Eliza Philbrick, alarmed at her condition, laid loving hands upon her, saying, "You *must* stop." So, by a compulsion as wise as impera-

tive, they took her and her sister Sarah to their beautiful home in Brookline, Mass., where she was tenderly cared for through a typhoid fever. From that utter prostration she never wholly recovered. While yet unable to bear the effort, she spoke upon slavery before a Committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and then gave six lectures in the Old Boston Theatre, besides lecturing in other places in Massachusetts and at Providence and elsewhere in Rhode Island, during the winter and spring of 1838. In May of that year, she married. Early in her married life, she was twice severely injured. These injuries, though wholly unlike, were in their effect a unit, one *causing*, the other intensifying a life-long weakness. Together they shattered incurably her nervous system. The one was wholly internal: the other caused a deep wound which never healed. Such was the effect upon her, that ever after she was forced to avoid exciting scenes and topics, especially slavery, its effects upon slave and master, also the wrongs of woman as wrought out in her legal, ecclesiastical, educational, and political disabilities, by which through all time she had been fettered, shrivelled, and palsied. Add to these the horrible inflictions upon children by passionate parents and teachers. Once hearing the frantic screams of a whipped child, alternated with outbursts of parental rage, prostrated her for an entire day, and filled with moanings the fitful dreams of a half-sleepless night. These severe injuries, with the morbid ailments resulting, unbraced for life her nervous system. All special mental anxiety and distress produced thenceforward such faintness and sense of sinking that from the first she would say: "My mission is over. He who gave it has taken it." She never afterward spoke in public. Sometimes, though rarely, she would speak in private circles and at informal gatherings upon some vital topic, but only in a conversational tone, and for a short time, but would uniformly withhold herself from all places, scenes, and subjects strongly appealing to her emotional nature. The morbid unrest caused by those injuries, and sometimes intensified into agony, she bore in silence. The exceptions were very rare; yet, when greatly worn, life's corrosions would

occasionally strike out a momentary flash of impatience, causing a grief which would not be comforted. Very few even of her most intimate friends knew of the sufferings caused by these physical injuries, which she endured silently, making no sign. Indeed, none but her husband and sister knew them at all *as they were*, and even their knowledge came almost as much from inference as otherwise. Her instinctive reserve and reticence about personal discomforts and trials, however severe, were absolute.

The last time that she spoke in public was in the "Pennsylvania Hall," Philadelphia, the evening after her marriage. The next evening, the new, noble edifice, just dedicated to liberty, and costing forty thousand dollars, was burned by a mob. They first tore up the seats and platform, chopped into pieces its costly furniture, piled the whole upon the floor, and made a bonfire of it, while the flaming hall rang with frantic yells of the mob, as they cursed the abolitionists. At the time, place, and scene when and where Angelina Grimké made her last public anti-slavery utterance, amid the howlings of an infuriated rabble, Abby Kelly made her first. Who of the abolitionists, save their great leader and inspirer, has done, dared, and suffered more, and more nobly, than Abby Kelly Foster? Blessings on her and her heroic husband, those self-forgetting lives, now broken down long before their time by wasting trials, struggles, hardships, and exposures!

Mr. Wright spoke at the funeral of Angelina Grimké's coming to the office of the American Anti-slavery Society in 1835, and handing him, in manuscript, her "Appeal to the Christian Women of the South." As that appeal brought to the early abolitionists most timely help in their utmost need, something of its history may well go with it. The first thought of it came to her thus. In the winter of 1834, she met, in Philadelphia, a distinguished member of the Society of Friends, a lady of rare gifts and graces, named Parker.

Nearly forty years ago, Friend Parker made to me the following statement. I give its substance, but cannot give her words. Their purport I distinctly recall, and some of her expressions *verbatim*.

She said: When I first met Angelina, I felt "so drawn to her" that I said, Do come and spend the summer with me at my home in Shrewsbury, N.J. In June she came. Thenceforward we were constantly together. I soon saw that she was burdened. Though genial, cheerful, and sometimes playful, yet, through it all, I saw a sorrow sitting at her heart. Her whole air and aspect, though beautifully gentle and serene, revealed to me a travail of spirit, such as I have rarely seen. As we came together almost strangers, it took a little time to establish those mutual relations which make friends at home with each other. With such a congenial nature as hers, that interval was very brief. Almost at once we were as old friends. Then, as though casually, she spoke of slavery. Knowing that she had spent her life in the midst of it, I asked questions that broached the subject. The mystery was solved, and the burden revealed. After that, whether we sat or walked or rode, or were busied in house affairs, one thought absorbed her, and soon slavery became our permanent topic. The more we talked, the more to me its abolition seemed hopeless. Not so to her. She would say: "Deliverance must come. How I know not; but come it *must*, and can come only through the influence of the free States. And it must come soon, or all must go down in blood." (The "Nat Turner" insurrection in Virginia had, not long before this, startled all the South.) She would often say: "Is there nothing that I can do? The churches all seem drugged to death," etc. Thus, day after day, slavery was the topic between us, and with her the bitter anguish.

At length, one evening, she seemed quite overwhelmed. Together we sat a long time in silence. Turning at last to kiss me goodnight, she spoke no word, but her tears fell on my face. She went to her chamber, and I to mine. Our rooms joined. I lay and listened, could not sleep. For a long time no sound came. I knew she could not have gone to bed. At last I rose and listened, caught faint, smothered sounds. It was plain she was weeping. I longed to go in and weep with her, but her emotion seemed too sacred for the presence of another. I lay down, waited long, suspense grew

into pain, then rose and listened again, caught stifled sobs. I could wait no longer, and softly entered. There she lay upon the carpet in the moonlight, her face buried in a pillow. As I kneeled and spoke, she turned, saying, "Oh, dear, what have I done? I must have kept you awake. Pray go to bed and sleep. I will go immediately." She rose at once, and with tender words we parted. In the morning when she came down, her step and look told that the storm had passed. She said: "It has all come to me. I see it now. I will write an 'Appeal to the Christian Women of the South.'" The burden had rolled off. She seemed as light-hearted as a singing bird, and as soon as breakfast was over went to her chamber, and began to write her "Appeal," continuing it from day to day till it was finished. I have thus given the substance of Friend Parker's statement. Would that I could have given it all in her own beautiful words!

Angelina's sister, Mrs. Anna Rutledge Frost, the sole survivor of the fourteen children of their parents, is now residing in Charleston, at the age of eighty-four. Speaking in a late letter of the foregoing statement of Mrs. Parker, she says: "The circumstances related by Friend Parker of Angelina's mental suffering are to me deeply interesting. Dear creature! How little I knew of the dark, deep waters through which she was passing! Had I known the weight of that burden on her heart, mine surely must have gone out to her in sympathy; but, unfortunately, we were looking through different glasses. I was already enlisted in the colonization cause, and had manumitted my slaves, and taken them to Philadelphia." In a letter dated Charleston, Nov. 17, 1879, Mrs. Frost says: "Many thanks for the paper" (Wendell Phillips's remarks at the funeral) "containing such a beautiful tribute to my precious sister. It is not only all true, but a vast deal more might have been said of her self-sacrificing spirit and of her labors of love for the down-trodden slaves. In her early career, we could not see eye to eye upon this momentous subject. The immediate emancipation of millions of slaves seemed to me to involve the destruction of multitudes of our own race. Facts have proved the contrary,

and greatly do I rejoice that the oppressed have been set free. Our dearest Angy! How little I used to appreciate the vast sacrifices she was making, in relinquishing the approval, and incurring forever the displeasure of the friends and relatives she best loved, by devoting herself to the abolition of slavery. I have, however, long seen the sublimity of her character, and been convinced that to her intensely sensitive soul it must have been absolute mental crucifixion."

In speaking of her devotion to duty, Mrs. Frost says: "I am sure nothing, no one, could have made her swerve in her fidelity to any duty." In illustrating her spirit of self-sacrifice, Mrs. Frost continues: "While she was residing at ———, she came one day and induced me to receive into my family a school-teacher of very slender means, and then far gone in consumption, saying that she wished to come and nurse and wait upon her as long as she lived. And most faithfully did she devote herself to the poor consumptive, even performing for her the most menial offices till her death at the end of three months."

Upon looking over what has been written, I perceive that an incident has been omitted which reveals, perhaps more impressively than any other, the intensity of her abhorrence of slavery, and her heroic fidelity to conscience in acting it out, *while yet in her early girlhood.* I had supposed that her age at the time was eighteen years; but upon inquiring of her sister, Mrs. Frost, she informs me that she was then but sixteen. The facts are these. Her mother gave her at that age a slave girl, to be her waiting-maid, saying: "Angelina, I am going to give you a new responsibility, by making you the mistress of Kitty. She is to be your waiting-maid. You are to own her, have her as your property from this time. I give her to you." They talked over the matter in substance thus: "Mother, I can't have a slave. I have no right to Kitty. She belongs to herself, not to me. She is not my property, and I can't hold her as mine. Besides, I don't need to be waited on. I can wait on myself." "Well, if you insist upon waiting on yourself," said the mother, "you can do it, but remem-

ber that I have given Kitty to you. There is your cousin: he applied for her to wait on his wife. I told him I was going to give her to you. He'll give you so much a quarter for her." "Mother, I cannot take what she earns. I have no right to it." The matter ended thus. The mother hired out the girl to the applicant, telling him to pay the quarter's wages to Angelina. So, on pay day, he came, saying, "Here, Miss Angelina, is what I owe you for Kitty." The reply was: "The money isn't mine. I didn't earn it, and I can't take it. Kitty *did*, and hers it is. It belongs to *her*, and no one else has a right to it." He replied (he was a lawyer): "You don't understand the law. Your mother has given you Kitty. She is your legal property, you own her. Now, if the owner of slaves pays them wages, he forfeits his ownership. Then the State steps in and becomes the owner, and sells them; for, in law, every slave *must have an owner*, and the slave can't *own* what he earns. The law forbids emancipation. If you refuse to be her owner, it's all the worse for Kitty. The State sells her at once, and where she'll be taken to there is no telling. So, if you wish to do Kitty the greatest favor you can, *keep her* as your property," etc. Thus the bewildered child found herself in a quandary. What should she do? She knew not what to do, but knew well what *not* to do. A slave-holder she would not be. Kitty's earnings she would not touch. In her dilemma, she resolved to cut the knot which she could not untie. So, going straight to her mother, she said: "Mother, if your giving of Kitty to me makes me her owner, then my giving her back to you makes *you* her owner again; and, dear mother, I do just that thing now. I give her back to you, for I cannot own a slave." The mother, seeing the daughter's deep emotion, and feeling that her sense of right, however mistaken, was sacred, yielded at once, and never again alluded to the subject.

In the tributes at the funeral, strong emphasis is given to moral courage. Though high *physical* courage is also fairly inferrible from her anti-slavery career, yet only those most with her in life's practical affairs can appreciate her self-poise in danger. Peril was

to her a sedative: it calmed and girded her, bringing out every resource, and making self-command absolute. She knew nothing of that *flutter* which confuses. Great danger instantly brought thought and feeling to a focus, and held them there. Several perilous emergencies in her life are vividly recalled,—such as the being overturned, while in a carriage, with a child in her arms, the horse meanwhile floundering amid the debris, a shaft broken and dashboard kicked into splinters. At another time, shots at the roadside set off the horses in a run. Seeing her husband, in his struggle to rein them in, jerked up from his seat, and held thus, braced and half-standing, as he tugged at the reins, she caught him round the waist, adding her weight to his, and thus, by holding him down, enabled him to pull the harder, till the steady, silent tug upon the reins tamed down the steeds. Another. In a small sail-boat, in the middle of the Hudson River, a sudden gust tore the sail from its fastenings, and in an instant filled the boat, till it barely floated. If the gust had not gone as soon as it came, probably not one on board could have been saved. It was only with great difficulty and danger that the drenched company in the water-logged boat reached the shore. Another. In bathing at the Raritan Bay, and unable to swim, she was once swept beyond her depth, and rescued with great difficulty. In all these cases, she was silent and self-possessed, and helped to keep others so. Another. Her residence at Belleville, N.J., had no near neighbors, stood back from the road, and was nearly hidden by trees and shrubbery. The old stone structure, dating back to 1700, was known as the "haunted house." Being very large, with barn, sheds, and several out-houses, it was specially attractive to stragglers and burglars. Stories had been long afloat of outrages perpetrated there, among which were a murder a century before, with a burglary and robbery more recent. These stories, meant to be appalling, warned us what to expect. We had not been long there, when one night, waked by suspicious noises, she listened, till certain that a burglar must be in the house. So, stealing softly from the bed and room, lest she should wake her husband, she struck a light, and ex-

plored from cellar to attic, looking into closets, behind doors, and under beds. For a slight, weak woman, hardly able to lift an empty teakettle, thus to dare, shows, whether we call it courage or presumption, at least the absence of all fear. None of the family knew of this fact, until an accident long after revealed it. When remonstrated with upon its rashness, she said, "Oh, the dear Father takes care of me." When urged to promise that, when she heard another burglar, she would wake her husband, "I promise," she said, "on condition that, when you go after him, I am to go with you."

Some years after this, when spending time in a friend's family, in the absence of the parents, she often took the children to ride. Upon returning one day, she said to the cook, "Maggie, jump in, and I'll give you a ride." So away they went. Soon a by-road struck off from the main one. Turning in to explore it, she found that it ran a long way parallel to the railroad. Suddenly Maggie screamed: "O missus! I forgot. This is just the time for the express, and this is the wrong horse, that's awful afraid of the cars, and nobody can hold him in. Oh, dear, dear!" Seeing Maggie's fright, she instantly turned back, saying, "Now, Maggie, if the train should come before we get back to the turn, do just what I tell you, and I'll bring you out safe." "Oh, yes, missus! I will! I will!" "Mark, now. Don't scream; don't touch the reins; don't jump out: 'twill kill you dead, if you do. Listen, and, as soon as you hear the cars coming, drop down on the bottom of the wagon. Don't look out; keep your eyes and mouth shut tight. I'll take care of you." Down flat dropped Maggie on the bottom, without waiting to hear the train. Soon the steam whistle screamed *in front, instead of rear, as expected!* Short about she turned the horse, and away he sprang, the express thundering in the rear. For a mile the road was a straight, dead level, and right along the track. At utmost speed, the frantic animal strained on. On plunged the train behind. Neither gained nor lost. No sound came but the rushing of steed and train. It was a race for life, and the blood horse won. Then, as the road turned from the track up a long

slope, the train shot by, taming the horse's fright; but, as his blood was up, she kept him hard pushed to the crest of the slope, then slacked his pace, and headed him homeward. Faithful Maggie stuck fast to her promise and to the wagon bottom, until told, "It's all over," when she broke silence with her wonderments. When she got home, the kitchen rang with exclamations. That race was long her standing topic, she always insisting that she wasn't scared a bit, not she, *because she "knew the missus wasn't."*

Another. While living in New Jersey, word came that a colored man and his wife, who had just come to the township, were lying sick of malignant small-pox, and that none of their neighbors dared go to them. She immediately sought them out, and found them in a deplorable plight, neither able to do anything for the other, and at once became to them eyes, hands, feet, nurse, caretaker, and servant in all needed offices; and thus, partly relieved in nursing and watching by a friend, her patients were able, after three days, to minister in part to each other. Meanwhile, no neighbor approached them.

Some striking traits were scarcely known, except by her special intimates; and they were never many. Her fidelity in friendship was imperishable. Friends might break with her: she never broke with them, whatever the wrong they had done her. She never stood upon dignity, nor exacted apology, nor resented an unkindness, though keenly feeling it, and, if falsely accused, answered nothing. She never spoke disparagingly of others, unless clearest duty exacted it. Gossips, tattlers, and backbiters were her trinity of horrors. Her absolute truthfulness was shown in the smallest things. With a severe sincerity, it was applied to all those customs looked upon as mere forms, involving no principle,—customs exacting the utterance of what is not *meant*, of wishes *unfelt*, sheer deceptions. She never invited a visit or call not *desired*. If she said, "Stay longer," the words voiced a wish *felt*. In that state of permanent weakness induced by her chronic ailments, she habitually worked so beyond her strength as often to be unable to bear the presence of company, hence many times could neither invite

it nor try to protract its stay. Hence those lacking the charity which *trusts* a friend for a *good* reason, when it is unknown, might take offence. She could not be brought under bondage to any usage or custom, any party watch-word, or shibboleth of a speculative creed, or any mode of dress or address. In Charleston, she was exact in her Quaker costume, because, to the last punctilio, it was an anti-slavery document; and for that she would gladly make any sacrifice of personal comfort. But, among the "Friends" in Philadelphia, she would not wear an article of dress which caused her physical inconvenience, though it might be dictated by the universal usage of "Friends." Upon first exchanging the warmth of a Carolina winter for the zero of a Northern one, she found the "regulation" bonnet of the "Friends" a very slight protection from the cold. So she ordered one made of fur, in form unlike the "regulation" bonnet, and large enough to protect both head and face. For this departure from usage, she was admonished. "It was a grief to Friends." "It looked like pride and self-will." "It was an evil example," etc. While adhering strictly to the principles of "Friends," neither she nor her sister Sarah could conform to *all* their distinctive usages, nor accept all their rules. Consequently, their examples were regarded as quiet protests against some of the settled customs of the society. Such they felt bound to make them in word and act. Thus they protested against the negro-seat, in their meeting-house, by making it *their* seat. Thus they declined to use certain ungrammatical forms of speech, as *thee* for thou, which were, so far as they knew, then universal among the Philadelphia Friends. They also felt constrained to testify against a rule requiring that no Friend should publish a book without the sanction of the "Meeting for Sufferings"; so, also, the rule that any one who should marry out of the Society should, unless penitent, be disowned. Consequently, when Angelina thus married, she was disowned, as was Sarah for sanctioning the marriage by her presence. The committee who "dealt" with them for those violations of the rule said that, if they would "express regret," they would relieve the meeting from the painful necessity

of disowning them. The sisters replied that, feeling no regret, they could express none; adding that, as they had always openly declared their disapproval of the rule, they could neither regret their violation of it, nor neglect so fit an occasion for thus emphasizing their convictions by their acts; adding that they honored the Friends all the more for that fidelity which constrained them to do, however painful, what they believed to be their duty.

Mr. Wright, in his remarks at the funeral, said that her "Appeal to the Christian Women of the South" "made her a *forced* exile from her native State." As she never voluntarily spoke of what she had done or suffered, few, if any, of the abolitionists, either *knew* then, or know now, that she was really exiled by an Act of the Charleston city government. When her "Appeal" came out, a large number of copies were sent by mail to South Carolina. Most of them were publicly burned by postmasters. Not long after this, the city authorities learned that Miss Grimké was intending to visit her mother and sisters, and pass the winter with them. Thereupon, the Mayor of Charleston called upon Mrs. Grimké, and desired her to inform her daughter that the police had been instructed to prevent her landing while the steamer remained in port, and to see to it that she should not communicate, by letter or otherwise, with any persons in the city; and, further, that if she should elude their vigilance, and go on shore, she would be arrested and imprisoned, until the return of the steamer. Her Charleston friends at once conveyed to her the message of the mayor, and added that the people of Charleston were so incensed against her that, if she should go there, despite the mayor's threat of pains and penalties, she could not escape personal violence at the hands of the mob. She replied to the letter that her going would doubtless compromise her family,—not only distress them, but put them in peril, which she had neither heart nor right to do; but for that fact, she would certainly exercise her constitutional right as an American citizen, and go to Charleston to visit her relatives, and, if for that the authorities should inflict upon her pains and penalties, she would willingly bear them, assured

that such an outrage would help to reveal to the free States the fact that slavery defies and tramples alike constitutions and laws, and thus outlaws itself.

It was stated at the funeral that the Executive Committee of the American Anti-slavery Society wrote to Miss Grimké, inviting her to visit New York City, and hold meetings in private parlors, with Christian women, on the subject of slavery. Upon reading their letter, she handed it to her sister Sarah, saying: "I feel this to be God's call. I cannot decline it." A long conversation followed, the details of which I received from Sarah not long after; and, as they present vividly the marked characteristics of both sisters, I give here, in substance, such as I can recall, throwing it into the form of a dialogue, and indicating each speaker by her initial.

S.—Don't decide suddenly. Consider it well. If you go, you assume a great responsibility.

A.—I feel that I have nothing to decide: it is decided for me. You know how long I have been trying to find out what more I can do for the anti-slavery cause. Now here the Executive Committee have asked me to do a work which they think will help it greatly. They have thrown the door wide open without my knocking at it, or dreaming there was such a door, or ever having a thought, if there were such a one, that it was one for *me* to enter. This is all like a dream now; but I can't undream it, and I can't resist it. I *must* go.

S.—But consider, you have never spoken in public, never even to an audience in a parlor. Besides, for four years you have been attending the meetings of "Friends," where all are free to speak as the spirit moves, and, though you have felt deeply upon many of those subjects, you have never *in the meeting* uttered a word.

A.—You are right. I have never spoken, but I never felt that I *must* speak. If I had ever felt that inward constraint upon me that I have felt to do many other things, I should most certainly have spoken. When I did those things, I could not *help* doing them; and, in doing each, I felt a blessing in my soul. Just so I feel about *this*.

S.— But you know that you are constitutionally very retiring, self-distrustful, easily embarrassed. You have a morbid shrinking from whatever would make you conspicuous.

A.— Yes, you have drawn me to the life. I confess that I have all that, and yet at times I have nothing of it. I know that I am diffident about assuming responsibilities; but when I feel that anything is *mine to do*, no matter what, then I have no fear. Just so I feel now.

S.— Think of another thing: you are going among strangers, you wear strange garments, speak in a strange language, will be in circumstances wholly novel, and about a work that you never attempted, never thought of, and most of those who will listen to you have prejudices against abolitionists, and also against a *woman's* speaking to any audience. Now, in all these embarrassing circumstances, and in your lack of self-confidence and all experience, when you come to face an unsympathizing audience, does not it seem likely that you will find it impossible to speak to edification, and thus will be forced to give it up altogether?

A.— Yes, it *seems* presumptuous, preposterous, for me to undertake it; but yet I cannot refuse to do it. The conviction is a part of me. I cannot absolve myself from it. The responsibility is thrust upon me. I cannot thrust it off. What *duty* presses me into, I cannot press myself out of.

S.— I know you will not and cannot. My only desire is for you deliberately to look at all things just as they are, and give each its due weight. If, after that, your conviction is unchanged, with my whole heart I'll help you to carry it out. There is but one thing more that I think of. If you were to go upon this mission without the sanction of the "Meeting for Sufferings," it would be regarded as disorderly, a violation of the established usage of the society, and they would probably feel compelled to disown you. [This was of course prior to the disownment that followed the marriage.]

A.— As my mind is made up absolutely to go, I cannot ask their *leave* to go. For their fidelity to their views of duty, I honor them. It is a grief to me to grieve them, but I have no alterna-

tive. Very unpleasant it will be to be disowned, but misery to be self-disowned.

S.— I have presented these considerations, that you might carefully traverse the whole question and count all the costs. I dare not say a word against your decision. I see that it is final, and that you can make no other. To me, it is sacred. While we have been talking, I, too, have made my decision. It is this: where you go, I will go; what you do, I will to my utmost help you in doing. We have always thought and wept and prayed together over this horrible wrong, and now we will go and work together. There will be a deal to be done in private also: *that* I can help you about, and thus you will have the more strength to give to the meetings.

So Miss Grimkê wrote at once to the committee, accepting their invitation, thanking them for the salary offered, but declining to receive any; informing them that her sister would accompany and co-operate with her in her mission, and that they should both go exclusively at their own charges.

The foregoing details were given to me by sister Sarah more than forty years ago. I made no notes of them then, and have made none since, nor of any other facts stated in these desultory sketches. The main thoughts and facts, scope and spirit of them all, I vividly recall. Here and there I remember snatches of words and phrases, and now and then a sentence *verbatim;* but all that I assume to give in these details is the *substance*, not in the main the language in which it was clothed.

That early shattering of her nervous system, already spoken of, with its waste of vital power, added to the heavier burdens which weighed down life's decline, brought on their natural result, long foreseen, — the paralysis which wore out her latest years. The first stroke, which fell upon her six years since, brought out an element of character known previously only to those who knew her best. Its immediate occasion was this: For weeks she had visited almost daily a distant neighbor, far gone in consumption, whose wife was her dear friend. One day, over-heated and tired out by work and a long walk in the sun, she passed their house in

returning home, too much overdone to call, as she thought to do, and had gone a quarter of a mile toward home, when it occurred to her, Mr. W. may be dying now! She turned back, and, as she feared, found him dying. As she sat by his bedside, holding his hand, a sensation never felt before seized her so strongly that she at once attempted to withdraw her hand, but saw that she could not, without disturbing his last moments, disengage it from his grasp. She sat thus, in exceeding discomfort, half an hour, with that strange feeling creeping up her arm and down her side.

At last, his grasp relaxed; and she left only able to totter, and upon getting home, she hardly knew how, declined supper, and went at once to bed, saying only, "Tired, tired." In the morning, when her husband rose, she said, "I've something to tell you." Her tone alarmed him. "Don't be alarmed," she said. To his anxious question, "Pray, what is it?" she said again: "Now you mustn't be troubled. I'm not. It's all for the best. Something ails my right side. I can't move hand or foot. It must be paralysis. Well, how thankful I should be that I have had the perfect use of all my faculties, limbs, and senses for sixty-eight years, and now, if they are to be taken from me, I shall have it always to be grateful for that I have had them so long. Why, I do think I am grateful for *this* too. Come, let us be grateful together." Her half-palsied husband could respond only in weakest words to the appeal of his unpalsied wife. While exulting in the sublime triumph of her spirit over the stroke that felled her, well might he feel abashed, as he did, to find that, in such a strait, he was so poor a help to her who, in all his straits, had been such a help to him! After a pause, she added: "Oh, possibly it is only the effect of my being so tired out last night. Why, it seems to me I was never half so tired. I wonder if a hard rubbing of your strong hands mightn't throw it off." Long and strongly he plied with friction the parts affected, but no muscle responded. All seemed dead to volition and motion. Though thus crippled in a moment, she insisted upon rising, that she might be ready for breakfast at the usual hour. As the process went on, she playfully enlivened it

thus: "Well, here I am a baby again,—have to be dressed and fed, perhaps lugged round in arms, or trundled in a wheel-chair, taught to walk on one foot, and to write and sew and darn stockings with my left hand. Plenty of new lessons to learn, that will keep me busy. See what a chance I have to learn patience. The dear Father knew just what I needed," etc.

Soon after breakfast, she gave herself a lesson in writing with her left hand, stopping often, as she slowly scrawled on, to laugh at her "quail tracks." After three months of tireless persistence, she partially recovered the use of her palsied muscles; so that she could write, sew, knit, wipe dishes, and sweep, and do—"very shabbily," as she insisted—almost everything that she had done before.

During the six years that remained of her life here, she had what seemed to be two other slight shocks of paralysis,—one two years since, the other some three weeks before her death. This last was manifest in the sudden sinking of her bodily powers, preeminently those of speech. During all those years, she looked upon herself as "a soldier hourly awaiting orders," often saying with her good-night kiss, "Maybe this will be my last *here*," or "Perhaps I shall send back my next from the other shore," or "The dear Father may call me from you before morning," or "Perhaps, when I wake, it may be in a morning that has no night: then I can help you more than I can now."

Many letters received ask for her latest views and feelings about death and the life beyond,—as one expresses it, "when she was entering the dark valley." Answer: The "valley" she saw, but no darkness, neither night nor shadow,—all was light and peace. On the future life, she had pondered much, but ever with a trust absolute and an abounding cheer. Fear, doubt, anxiety, suspense, she knew nothing of: none of them had power to mar her peace or jostle her conviction. Her state of mind touching her own future ever moved on in the same even tenor,—quiet, restful, cheerful, unexcited, equally free from ecstasy and indifference. To this there were, during the last two weeks of her life, signal excep-

tions. Some of their details, written while fresh in memory, were sent to our daughter, then eight hundred miles away. Those letters have just been returned by our request, that extracts from them may serve here as a general answer to special questions asked.

The following extract describes a scene during her last week, after the palsy, which had for weeks been stealing over her speech, now locked it fast: —

"The sixth night before her last, upon coming into her room at one o'clock, I found her sitting up in bed, with Stuart and Anna supporting her. With her face aglow with exultation, she was singing,— not in *words*, for paralysis had usurped speech. Stretching out her arms and pressing her lips to mine, the note swelled into a strain so exultant that still it sings to me, and echoes in my dreams.

From then till seven o'clock, she was all the time humming, in a kind of rhythmical chime inexpressibly tender, and bespeaking perfect peace, while her face shone with a look so serene that day and night it beams upon me still. During those six hours, without the least apparent fatigue, and without ceasing, that rhythmical chime, soft as the warble of a bird, gently rose and fell, in even flow, swaying as thought and feeling came and went, through the slight varyings of her mental mood. Fearing that such incessant tension would exhaust her,— for the humming was ceaseless even while we were changing her position,—we often begged her to rest; but her look, and a slight movement of head and hand, said more plainly than words could, "Oh, no! it does not tire, it rests me." At last, as the clock struck seven, she sank into a quiet sleep for hours. Upon waking, the same mellow humming awoke also, as of its own accord, playing on in the old glad key; and thus for *three days and nights*, except when asleep, or at intervals when being cared for, as in giving nourishment, etc., that low, purling carol kept singing itself, as though it were her very breath of life; spontaneous.

As we stood around her, straining to catch again some fragmen-

tary word, she would turn her eyes upon our faces, one by one, as though lovingly piercing our inmost; but, though all speech failed, the intense longing of that look outspoke all words. Thus, this scene of spontaneous song, so full of solemn joy, was to us all the more wondrous and hallowed, since none of us could remember when we had heard her sing before for years. Once only through it all, her speech came partially for a moment, and these words dropped one by one, in single syllables, "I'm sing-ing to the dear Fa-ther,— hap-py, hap-py, hap-py," many times reiterated, till articulation died away. Then, though vocal sound ceased, the same movement of the lips continued, and in it the eye saw that word "hap-py" written and spoken more impressively than any tones could voice it. Then came a vain struggle to speak on, but no words came! Only abortive sounds painfully shattered! How precious those unborn words! Oh, that we knew them! The following extract is from a previous letter to our daughter:—

"When her speech failed, after that sinking in which she seemed dying, she strove to let us know that *she knew it* by trying to speak the word 'death.' After much effort, a broken sound came like det-eth. Divining her thought at last, I said, 'Is it death?' Then in a kind of convulsive outburst came, 'Death, death.' Thinking that she was right, that it was indeed to her death *begun*, of what *could* die, thus *dating* her life immortal, I said, 'No,—oh, no! not death, but Life Immortal!' She instantly caught my meaning, and cried out, 'Life E-ter-nal! E-ter-nal Life!' Then for some minutes came a struggling tumult of mingled sounds, but oh! all unvoiced. She soon sank into a gentle sleep for hours. When she woke, what seemed that fatal sinking had passed. I must describe to you a characteristic scene in her sleep, while she could yet articulate.

"One night, while watching with her, after she had been a long time quietly sleeping, she seemed to be in pain, and began to toss excitedly. It was soon plain that what seemed bodily pain was mental anguish. She began to talk earnestly in mingled tones of pathos and strong remonstrance: she was back again among the

scenes of childhood, talking upon slavery. At first, only words could be caught here and there, but enough to show that she was living over again the old horrors, and remonstrating with slaveholders upon the wrongs of slavery. Then came passages of Scripture,—their most telling words given with strong emphasis, the others indistinctly; some in tones of solemn rebuke, others in those of heart-broken pathos, but most distinctly audible only in detached fragments. There was one exception,—a few words uttered brokenly, with a half-explosive force, from James v. 4, 'The hire of the laborers, . . . *kept back by* FRAUD, *crieth; and the cries are . . . in the ears of the* LORD.' I forget whether I told you that, as far back as that intense heat in August, which so prostrated her, she said to me one day, with a serene animation, 'The strength that I have lost in these dog-days will not come back to me. I shall not see another winter here. The next shock will be the last.' While she could speak, she expressed the utmost gratitude that 'the dear Father' was loosening the cords of life so gently that she had no pain. Even when for a number of days in succession the difficulty in breathing was such that for much of each night she could not lie down, she still insisted that, though quite 'troublesome,' her difficulty in breathing was not '*painful.*' Indeed, it is settled that she had properly no *disease.* That paralytic influence which began with a shock six years ago has been gradually doing its work ever since,—just perceptibly moving down the inclined plane of vitality, till, the last life-force spent, her breath came no more!"

Certain misconceptions of the relation of the sisters to emancipation call for correction here. They date back more than forty years, to the publications of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society in London. These misstatements were corrected at the time in the anti-slavery publications, both here and in England. Since their deaths, these statements have been revived, and sent afloat through the newspapers. Within a month, an extract from Miss Martineau's English work, published in the Norfolk County *Gazette*, stated, in substance, that the sisters "emancipated the

slaves upon their estates in Carolina," gave them land, instructed them, etc., thus "reducing themselves to penury." Whereas they neither owned an "estate," nor any *land* in Carolina or in any other slave State. Besides, each slave State law made emancipation impossible! Further, neither sister was ever the *legal owner* of a slave. Even the slave-woman "Kitty" was never legally the property of Angelina. All the facts in question, of which the writer has knowledge are the following:—

1st. When their mother informed the sisters, in 1835, that she was soon to make her will, they requested that she would include her slaves in their portions, that they might set them free. To this she assented. When she died, some years after this, but four of her slaves remained. These were included respectively in the portions of Sarah and Angelina, and were set free. They afterward purchased another slave, once in the family, and set him free. Before the death of Mrs. Grimké, Angelina and her sister, Mrs. Frost, purchased jointly of their mother a slave-man, and brought him to the North, provided for him a situation in which he earned enough to buy a lot of land in the outskirts of Philadelphia, upon which he built him a small house, where he lived in honest industry, and was respected as an exemplary good man until his death, twenty years since. One of his frequent exclamations, in contrasting his condition in slavery with his life in freedom, was, "Well, dis is heaben, sure!"

2d. In November, 1839, Angelina, in making provision for the *then* to her not improbable contingency of sudden death, prepared a communication to her husband, filled with details concerning themselves alone. This was enclosed in a sealed envelope, addressed to him with this direction: "To be opened after my death." In conformity with this direction, her husband, after her decease, broke the seal, and found among many details this item: "I also leave to thee the *liability* of being called upon eventually to support in part four emancipated slaves in Charleston, S.C., whose freedom I have been instrumental in obtaining." It is plain from the wording of the letter that she had never stated that fact

to him before. She lived forty years after writing it and putting its contents under seal; and yet, during all those years, she never gave him the least intimation of her having freed those four slaves. It must have been done while she still lived in Charleston. Her sister Sarah lived with us from the day of Angelina's marriage till her own death, nearly thirty-five years; and, though it was always her delight to give me minute details of her sister's life from earliest childhood, the fact that she never spoke of that emancipation is to me clear proof that she never *knew of it*. This is another illustration of that trait already delineated, of never voluntarily alluding to any act of hers which would attract that honor which cometh from man. "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." How few of those who quote these words of Jesus *live* them!

A word as to the condition of those slaves *set free*, and yet not *legally* emancipated. The process was this. One of their brothers, a slave-holder, yet deeply respecting the conscientious convictions of his sisters, aided in carrying them out, by taking personally a bill of sale for each of the slaves, thus becoming *technically* their legal owner, responsible for them to the State, like any other legal owner. While exercising over them none of the authority of ownership, he shielded them from all the liabilities of slaves, leaving them free to live and work, make bargains, receive and spend their wages where, when, and as they pleased, he acting gratuitously as their friendly adviser and practical guardian, thus enabling them to live free in the climate and surroundings of their birth, and among their friends.

In describing the case of the slave-woman "Kitty," I omitted to state the fact that Angelina, upon arriving at womanhood, determining to purchase her and her children and set them free, arranged with her brother to negotiate for their purchase with their mistress. She, learning for *whom* and for *what purpose* the purchase was desired, cut short the negotiation by a peremptory refusal to sell them for *such* a purpose at *any* price. Consequently, Kitty, her children, and grand-children continued slaves until

1865, when the United States Army entered Charleston and carried into effect the Proclamation of President Lincoln. Kitty still lives there in a comfortable old age. The foregoing statement contains all the facts upon the subject of which the writer has any knowledge.

Many of the preceding details illustrate the characteristics of both the sisters, Angelina and Sarah; but more of them, those of the former. The pages which follow are more especially devoted to those of the latter.

In Memory

OF

SARAH MOORE GRIMKÉ.

By Theodore Dwight Weld.

BORN IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,

NOVEMBER 26, 1792.

DIED IN HYDE PARK, MASSACHUSETTS,

DECEMBER 23, 1873.

MEMORIAL SKETCHES.

THOUGH, interspersed throughout the preceding pages, frequent allusions are made to Sarah M. Grimkê, with incidental illustrations of her spirit, character, and life, yet these memorial sketches cannot fitly be brought to a close without more extended details, in grateful testimony and tribute to her whose whole life was an abounding benediction outflowing upon all. After her death, it was long in the heart of our lamented Garrison to write a memorial of her, abundant materials for which had been gathered and arranged for that purpose. But increasing weakness and pain, with other infirmities, long chronic, forced him to postpone it from time to time, in hope that recuperated strength might warrant its prosecution. It became plain, at length, that he could not without peril attempt the work, and thus the hope was regretfully relinquished.

Many of the earlier abolitionists well knew and profoundly appreciated Sarah M. Grimkê, and will gladly welcome the just and beautiful tribute to her loving spirit and saintly character, which Mr. Garrison rendered at her funeral. This tribute seems appropriately to belong to the conclusion of this memorial. It will therefore be reserved as the utterance of its final words, and, with it, the tender tributes rendered by others, upon the same occasion. Meanwhile, the writer, one with her in the same household for thirty-six years, a brother with an older sister, beloved and revered, gratefully records his loving veneration. In looking

back over those years, so rife with searching and decisive tests, he can recall no one whose character seems to him a nobler model. It is a tribute to her of merest *justice* to say that, a love distilling ever like the dew upon all around, truth with no alloy, perfect independence and integrity, inviolable friendship, inflexible justice, intuitive conscience, with utmost fidelity to conviction, a moral courage that never blenched, and a sympathy outwelling always, wherever there was need of loving service to sufferer or sinner,—these, all these, stand out upon her life in strongest relief, from childhood till death. Whether *special* events called them into action or not, they always wrought with unfaltering persistence, and with never a trace of self-assertion.

Public sentiment, however ferocious, was powerless, either to make her withhold her testimony, or, in giving it, to swerve a hair from the line drawn by conscience. Who felt more keenly than she the pangs of every sufferer? It was a sympathy ever in exhaustless outflow, eager to toil, endure, dare, die, if need be, for its sacred objects, counting it all joy.

An incident in her early girlhood revealed the quality and depth of her nature, while it foretokened that indissoluble tie between herself and her younger sister, which, despite their difference in age, seems to have made their souls twin-born, as it made their lives inseparable. When Angelina was born, Sarah, who was not yet thirteen years old, entreated her parents to let her stand sponsor at the babe's baptism. They, thinking it only a childish impulse that would soon pass, waived the question. But Sarah, nothing daunted, plied them again and again, with an intensity which excited their wonder. They replied: "You are too young to take upon you such a responsibility. You cannot fully appreciate it, and would shrink from it, if you could. You must be willing to leave that to us." But it all availed nothing. Her heart was set upon being the very godmother of the babe. She longed to profess for it, and in its name, the Christian faith, and to bind herself to train it in the way it should go. The parents, awed at last by her importunity, could refuse no longer.

So the exultant child stood godmother at the baptism of her baby sister.

That soul-travail yearning thus intensely to bless the new-born babe,— who can estimate its power in casting the character and moulding the life of Angelina Grimké?

It was when Sarah was about the same age that she used secretly to teach her slave waiting-maid to read. To avoid discovery, this was done only at night, and never by lamp-light. Night after night, she would lie down with her before the fire, and teach her by its light. For a while, these contraband excursions into the alphabet by fire-light escaped detection, but were at last discovered and summarily stopped, according to law. For the acquisition of letters by a slave was a crime against the State; and whoever abetted the act was legally subject to pains and penalties. These were brandished *in terrorem* over both the culprits; and the deadly plague was stayed!

In reply to a request from the author of "Slavery as it is" that she would prepare for that book a narrative of such atrocities perpetrated upon slaves as had fallen within her own knowledge, Sarah wrote a series of details, describing shocking enormities, "most of which," she says, "came under my own personal observation." These details were printed in the volume entitled "American Slavery as it is; or, The Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses," published by the American Anti-slavery Society, in 1838. Of the effect of that work upon American slavery, the editor of *Zion's Herald*, a Methodist paper then published in New York City, said, "The weight of the blow which that book inflicted upon slavery, it would be scarcely possible to estimate: it was *deadly*, and from it the monster never recovered." Each of the sisters furnished an extended contribution to that work. Sarah prefaced hers with the fervid, telling words which follow:—

> As I left my native State on account of slavery, deserting the home of my fathers, to escape the sounds of the lash and the shrieks of tortured victims, I would gladly bury in oblivion the recollection of those scenes with which I have been familiar. But this may not, cannot be: they

come over my memory like gory spectres, and implore me, in the name of humanity, for the sake of the slave-holder as well as the slave, to bear witness to the horrors of the Southern prison-house. I feel impelled by a sacred sense of duty to my country, and by sympathy for the bleeding victims of tyranny and lust, to give my testimony respecting the system of American slavery, and to detail facts which have come under my own personal observation. The actors in these tragedies were all men and women of the highest respectability, and of the first families of South Carolina, and, with one exception, citizens of Charleston; and their cruelties did not in the slightest degree affect their standing in society.

Traits similar to those characteristic of the two sisters, as delineated in the foregoing sketches, marked others of their household. Its now sole surviver, Mrs. Frost, in early youth the wife, and in six months the widow, of an Episcopal clergyman in Charleston, left her native city and all her own and her husband's kindred, and went alone to sojourn among strangers, making Philadelphia her settled residence, that she might thus shield her only child from the palsying contact of slavery. Mrs. Frost emancipated her slaves, brought them with her, and made permanent provision for them in Pennsylvania.

One of their brothers, the Hon. Thomas S. Grimké, was the only eminent lawyer in South Carolina who, from the first, denounced and resisted nullification. He published an open letter of indignant remonstrance, addressed to John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie, Governor Hayne, and Robert Barnwell Rhett, his cousin and legal pupil, then Attorney-General of the State, proclaiming their acts unconstitutional and their utterances treasonable.

Representing at that time the city of Charleston in the State Senate, Mr. Grimké so triumphantly exposed, in a two-days argument before the Senate, the sophistries and false pretences of the nullifiers, that his constituents, enraged by it, and by his public letter to Calhoun and McDuffie, chose rather to mob him than to grapple with his logic. So, with threats of personal violence, they improvised a mob to attack his house. Hearing of it, Mr. Grimké sent his family into the country, and ordered his parlors illumi-

nated. That done, throwing open his doors, and taking his seat upon the porch in front, he awaited the onset. When the howling horde came, upon finding the house illuminated, and its owner advanced to the front, ready to be mobbed in such a cause, they, baffled, began to falter, and, finding their pluck fast oozing, looked blank, tried to hoot, balked at it, broke ranks, straggled wide, and slunk away.

In the fall of 1834, Mr. Grimké, invited to address an educational convention of the Western States at Cincinnati, and to deliver orations at college commencements in the West, passed, on his way thither, some days with his sisters in Philadelphia, discussing with them the question of slavery.

Upon leaving, he said: "I expect to be back here in six weeks. Pray get for me all the abolition works, both English and American, which are, in your judgments, best worth studying, and get them packed ready for me to take when I return to Carolina. You know," he said, "how long I've been trying to get time to explore this question of slavery, but professional pressures have seemed to make it impossible. I have now arranged for leisure to do it when I get back." The books were ready for transportation before the six weeks expired. While the sisters were awaiting his return, the tidings came that he was dead of cholera. On his way from Cincinnati to meet his brother Frederick, then holding a term of the Supreme Court at the State capital, he was seized with a paroxysm which forced him to stop at a wayside inn, twelve miles from Columbus, and far from village and physician. A messenger was despatched to his brother, who instantly adjourned court, and hastened to him with a physician. He found him already speechless, able only to turn upon him a look of recognition, smile, press his hand, and die.

Knowing his candor, conscience, and courage, his sisters had never a doubt that, had he lived, he would have boldly taken his stand against slavery, and, as was his wont, publicly propagated his convictions, and thus would doubtless have fallen in his native city, its first victim and martyr in the cause of impartial

liberty and righteous law. A letter just received from their sister, Mrs. Frost, now living in Charleston, speaks thus of these events: "When brother Thomas was staying at my house in Philadelphia, in 1834, he and Angelina often discussed the slave question, and he promised her that he would examine the subject thoroughly, as soon as he returned to Charleston; and I have no doubt that, had he lived, he would have freed his slaves, and given to Angelina every aid in his power in prosecuting the work to which she had religiously devoted herself."

FUNERAL SERVICES.

THE funeral of Sarah M. Grimké was held at the family residence, on Fairmount Avenue, Hyde Park, Mass., December 26, 1873.

They were conducted by the Rev. Francis C. Williams, then the pastor of the Hyde Park Unitarian Church.

The following are extracts from his just and tender tribute to the character of the deceased:—

REMARKS OF MR. WILLIAMS.

It were unfitting, dear friends of this household, that any out of your own circle should speak of her virtues, and of the blessed influence of her life whom God has called out of this world,— it were unfitting but that you may know to-day how much we feel with you, and appreciate her character as an example and help to all of us, in our homes and social life. To hear this will not be a pain to you; and to say it, simply and heartily, is a privilege to us.

It would be unfitting that to you, her old friends, who have labored so long with her in the cause of humanity, we neighbors

of this town, which is but of yesterday, should speak of her devotion to that cause in all its forms, except that you may know and rejoice that to the last, while her mind could plan, her pen could move, and her heart could prompt, she was busy in the service of humanity,—with her might and beyond her strength, in constant nameless deeds of kindness to those in need in our own neighborhood, and far to the South deeds which were wise and beautiful,—help to the poor, sympathy with the suffering, consolation to the dying.

Her appeals were frequent in our local paper, her impulse was in all our lives. At this threshold there stood but a day since a barrel, not of luxuries brought in for Christmas, but one of a long line of them, filled with useful garments, collected and prepared according to her system, to go to the far South, to carry not outward comfort only, but sympathy and encouragement to those for whom her heart beat warmly, even in her last sickness, and to whom, being dead, she yet speaks in help and love. . . . She has fought the good fight of right and love; she has finished her course of duty; she has kept the faith of friendship and sacrifice. . . . We will more truly live because she has lived among us. Let us live the life of the righteous, and let her hope and peace be ours. . . .

At the conclusion of Mr. Williams' remarks, the following hymn, written for the occasion by Edwin Morton, Esq., of Boston, was sung by the choir:—

O thou, whose truth we dimly seek,
And murmur while no voice we hear,
And e'en with angels fain would speak,
When to our blindness nought is clear,—

That murmuring blindness, Lord, forgive!
Behold in her thy truth revealed;
Thine angel lent with us to live,
E'en while to heaven we vain appealed.

Thy voice was hers, her lips thy truth,
Beneath whose fearless accents quailed,
In placid age or burning youth,
All shapes of wrong which right assailed.

Those accents fade, the angel flies!
We list, we look, and silence broods;
But the bright vision never dies,
And cheers for aye our solitude.

Immediately after the singing, came the following

REMARKS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

As a prelude to the brief but imperfect tribute which I wish to pay to the memory of the venerated and saintly woman whose mortal remains are waiting for their interment, and as expressing the sentiments which she cherished in regard to our earthly dissolution,—the source of so much gloom and irrational dread,—I will read the following passage from Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts":—

"Our dying friends are pioneers to smooth
Our rugged path to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way: and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Dream we that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in smoke, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The mind Almighty? Could it be that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the deity, should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man,

The next lose man forever in the dust?
Life makes the soul dependent on the dust:
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light,
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day!
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.
Death has feigned evils Nature shall not feel;
Life's ills substantial wisdom cannot shun.
Death has no dread but what frail life imparts;
Nor Life true joy but what kind Death improves.
No bliss has Life to boast, till Death can give
Far greater; Life's a debtor to the grave,—
Dark lattice letting in eternal day.
. . . Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure. We fall, we rise, we reign!
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost:
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace."

Mr. Garrison then spoke, in substance, as follows:—

I had intended to methodize my thoughts for this occasion, but have been prevented from doing so, and must therefore speak impromptu, as the heart may dictate.

How many of my beloved friends and tried co-workers in the anti-slavery cause have received their translation to the spirit land! Last Sunday I attended the obsequies of one branded and held as a chattel slave from his birth, yet made in the divine image,—who, many years ago, asserted his God-given right to be free, by a successful escape to the North, where he remained till after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850, when, knowing that there was no longer any safety for him on our soil, he took refuge under the British flag, and remained in exile until

the jubilee trump was blown,— in every situation leading an upright life, exhibiting a manly spirit, and commanding the respect of all who knew him. Yesterday I stood by the coffin of one widely known for his early, long-continued, uncompromising, and eloquent advocacy of the rights of his oppressed race, in the person of Charles Lenox Remond,— the first colored lecturer to enter the anti-slavery field, and never leaving it until the victory had been won.

To-day I am here to pay the last offices of respect and love to one whose rare virtues and beneficent labors entitle her to a conspicuous place among the worthiest of her sex. In view of such a life as hers, consecrated to the relief of suffering humanity in its manifold needs, embracing all goodness, animated by the broadest catholicity of spirit, and adorned with every excellent attribute, any attempt at panegyric here seems to be as needless as it must be inadequate.

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To add a perfume to the violet,
> Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

I have attended many funerals, but never one at which there has been less cause for sorrow and condolence than the present. Here there is nothing to depress or deplore, nothing premature or startling, nothing to be supplemented or finished. It is the consummation of a long life, well rounded with charitable deeds, active sympathies, serviceable toils, loving ministrations, grand testimonies, and nobly self-sacrificing endeavors. For one, I feel this occasion to be one of exultation rather than of sorrow. These beautiful flowers, so rich in their mingled perfumes; this cheering light of day, which, fitly unexcluded, gives such brightness to these rooms,— symbolize both the faith and character of our departed friend. In her daily walk and conversation, she exerted the finest influences, and was as fresh in spirit and as interested in every new phase of philanthropy, reform, and progress as though she were but twenty, instead of eighty, years of age.

With two great historical movements, she and her beloved and now bereaved sister, Angelina, will always be conspicuously identified; namely, that for the abolition of chattel slavery and the movement for the elevation and enfranchisement of woman. Though born of slave-holding parents in Charleston, S.C., and surrounded from childhood with all the depraving influences of the slave-system, they needed no conversion to or knowledge of abolitionism, but from the beginning instinctively recoiled from the terrible iniquity; and, subsequently receiving certain slaves as an inheritance, they immediately set them free, to the disgust and displeasure of relatives and alienated friends.

Leaving their native State for a residence in Philadelphia, they became "Friends" by a change in their religious views, and members of that society. In the summer of 1837, they visited Massachusetts, and were moved to address in public such of their sex as could be induced to hear them concerning the evils and horrors of Southern slavery. On coming to Boston, they were warmly greeted by the Boston Female Anti-slavery Society, which gave them letters of recommendation to other similar societies throughout New England, asking that every facility be given them for the prosecution of their labors in the cause of emancipation, eulogizing "their noble sacrifices and published works," and saying one thing we cannot omit to mention, which marks them as eminently qualified for the promulgation of anti-slavery principles,—the elevated and Christian point of view from which they beheld the condition of woman, her duties and her consequent rights. Under such circumstances, allied to one of the highest families of South Carolina, having broken the fetters of those slaves bequeathed to them, and testifying as eye-witnesses of the wrongs and sufferings of those in bondage, what was their reception in this State? They had to encounter ridicule and opprobrium wherever they appeared; the pulpit and the press discountenanced them; and, as a crushing and final effort to make them hold their peace, the General Association of Evangelical Clergymen in Massachusetts promptly met at Brookfield,

and issued a "Pastoral Letter," written by the Rev. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, in the course of which they said: "We invite your attention to the dangers which at present seem to threaten the female character with wide-spread and permanent injury. When woman assumes the place and tone of man as a public reformer, our care and protection of her seem unnecessary; we put ourselves in self-defence against her; she yields the power which God has given her for protection, and her character becomes unnatural.... We cannot therefore but regret the mistaken conduct of those who encourage females to bear an obtrusive and ostentatious part in measures of reform, and countenance any of the sex who so far forget themselves as to itinerate in the character of public lecturers and teachers." On reading this ecclesiastical missive, our honored Quaker, John G. Whittier, wrote one of his finest effusions:—

"So this all,—the utmost reach
Of priestly power the mind to fetter!
When laymen think and women preach
A war of words! a "Pastoral Letter!"

. . . . . .

But ye who scorn the thrilling tale
Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,
Which echoes here the mournful wail
Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,
Close while ye may the public ear,—
With malice vex, with slander wound them:
The pure and good shall throng to hear,
And tried and manly hearts surround them.

Oh, ever may the Power which led
Their way to such a fiery trial,
And strengthened womanhood to tread
The wine-press of such self-denial,
Be round them in an evil land,
With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,
With Miriam's voice and Judith's hand,
And Deborah's song of triumph given!"

Faithful to their great mission, and undaunted by this and every other attempt to prevent their being heard, these devoted women continued to publicly address all who chose to hear them, whether of their own sex exclusively or in promiscuous assembly; and, by their earnest and pathetic appeals, thousands of converts were made to the anti-slavery cause. Not only did they accomplish much toward the liberation of the millions of their own sex held in chattel servitude, but they were instrumental in giving a mighty impetus to that sublime movement for the enfranchisement of woman which challenges the attention of the civilized world.

Mr. Garrison concluded his remarks by an appreciative reference to the deep concern and benevolent activity manifested by the departed saint, in constantly making or soliciting articles of clothing for the destitute freedmen, and obtaining all possible aid to succor them till they should be able to provide for themselves. "In this blessed work, though so advanced in years, she knew no weariness. She lived only to do good, neither seeking nor desiring to be known, ever unselfish, unobtrusive, compassionate, and loving, dwelling in God, and God in her." He tenderly alluded to the bereavement of Mr. and Mrs. Weld, as long one in spirit, purpose, and labors with the deceased, blending their aspirations together, and united by ties incomparably finer and closer than any growing out of mere blood relationship.

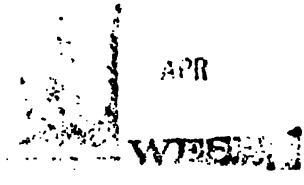
At the close of Mr. Garrison's remarks, tender tributes to the loving, self-sacrificing spirit, and to the heroic, saintly character of the deceased, were rendered by Mrs. Lucy Stone and Theodore D. Weld. Would that we could include in this the admirable tribute of Mrs. Stone; but her words were not reported. A writer in the *Norfolk County Gazette* justly characterized them as "a most eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of Miss Grimké."

The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Wendell Phillips, who, just as he was starting for the funeral, was summoned away by imperative duties, of which, he says, "postponement was impossible": —

I should have been glad to come and testify my loving admiration of the fidelity, courage, long-enduring patience, far-sighted wisdom, and consistent life, whose words and example, beginning forty years ago, are bearing such rich fruit to-day. I can never forget the impulse our cause got, when those two sisters doubled our hold on New England in 1837 and 1838, and made a name, already illustrious in South Carolina by great services, equally historical in Massachusetts, in the two grandest movements of our day. How marvellously have they been permitted to see the success of their devotedness and appeals!

With heartiest sympathy yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.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